

HOW THE DOG BECAME THE FRIEND OF MAN.

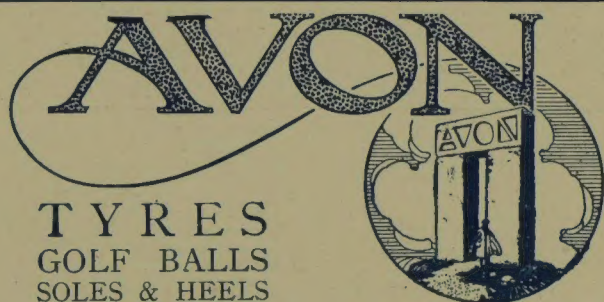
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

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| ORVIETO | 12,133 | Sept. 30 | Oct. 6 |
| OSTERLEY | 12,129 | Oct. 28 | Nov. 3 |

| ADDITIONAL SAILINGS. | | | |
|----------------------|--------|----------|----------|
| | Tons. | Sept. 22 | Sept. 30 |
| OMAR | 11,103 | Nov. 17 | Nov. 25 |
| ORCADES | 9,764 | | |

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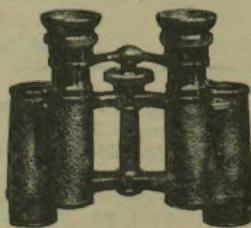
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1922.

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"THE FORCE BEHIND THE TURKISH PUSH": MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA (IN THE CENTRE), THE NATIONALIST LEADER, WHOSE ARMIES HAVE DRIVEN THE GREEKS FROM ASIA MINOR.

Kemal Pasha, whose recent victories have caused the Greeks to withdraw from Asia Minor, is a man of remarkable personality. Writing of him a few days ago in the "Times," General Sir Charles Townshend said: "Piercing blue eyes, fair hair, a diminutive close-cropped moustache—these are the salient features of Kemal Pasha, the force behind the Turkish push, that impressed me when I met him face to face at Konia only a month ago. He is . . . adored by the Army and

the populace. His orders are obeyed implicitly, his rule is an iron one beneath the velvet glove. . . . Kemal is a close student of military history . . . is always at work, and possesses a wonderful grasp of European politics and affairs. This is all the more remarkable as his education was purely a military one, at the Ecole de Guerre in Constantinople. He was in the Tripoli campaign, and later served in several theatres of the war; his best service was in Gallipoli."

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE just been reading a very able exposition and exposure by Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, the well-known literary critic. It is called "Moral Poison in Modern Fiction," and is published by Messrs. A. M. Philpot. I do not profess to do it any justice here; I do not profess to agree with it altogether, especially in its theory of the psychology of war. But I think its criticism of the amatory aspect of a great deal of modern fiction is singularly and strikingly true to the psychology of love. Often the writer puts a very profound truth into a brief phrase. Nothing could be better, for instance, than the epithet he uses about the anarchical and animal emotions which are described, at once sensationally and seriously, in so many recent realistic stories. He remarks that these emotions are mainly "skin-deep." That is really a very subtle criticism of the whole conception that we can learn the spirit of life from the sensuous surfaces of life. Yet he merely mentions it as a parenthesis between brackets; and it is an example of the fact that the texture of his whole treatment is one of real thinking. A thousand other things in the book are worthy of similar attention; and I mention this one here not because I profess for a moment to be reviewing a study of so wide a scope, but because it happens to connect itself with a passing thought of my own. Perhaps I am more presumptuous than a reviewer, since I venture not to criticise the study, but to add to it.

Nobody can say that his intellectual indignation has made the critic narrow; but it has necessarily made him serious. The most important point he has to urge may, perhaps, be found in the excellent passage in which he shows that anarchism is the enemy of everything. Anarchism is even the enemy of egoism, in the sense of having any real ego. "Their Self is not a complete purposeful human being, of strong character and sustained courage, clear faith and reasonable hope; certainly not of any charity whatever. The ego they would exalt is a mere riot of moods. They snatch at a moment's joy, utter a moment's emotion, act on a moment's thought. There is no idea of finding oneself before expressing oneself. . . . They quickly cease to have any self to express." That is a very important truth; it is not only a truth that may be earnestly urged, but it is one that can hardly be urged except earnestly. But it is connected with that other truth about the superficial character of sensuous things. And there has been a literature that has expressed it more superficially, yet none the less sanely. I am haunted with the feeling that the old coarse and comic literature about these things was really saying fantastically much of what Mr. Brimley Johnson says seriously. Our fathers treated these loose adventures loosely, as a mere matter of broken heads rather than broken hearts. And they did this because they did realise that a certain sort of passion is only "skin-deep." Now, nothing comes out more clearly in Mr. Brimley Johnson's review of all this recent and realistic fiction than its morbid and unnatural solemnity. It is perpetually presenting us, for our serious sympathy or approval, with situations at which Shakespeare or Fielding would not so much have shuddered as simply laughed. The world has somehow lost the lash of that laughter.

The essential ethic of the matter, I think, is something like this. Different societies, and different individuals even in the same society, differ very much about how far they can tolerate or even enjoy what

is coarse. But if they are justified in enjoying something coarse, it must only be as something comic. We may love the grotesque as humorous, or loathe the grotesque as ignominious, but it is immoral to love it as ignominious. It is immoral to regard its ugliness as seriously better than beauty. It is perfectly allowable for a man to like a monkey; but it is idolatry for a man to worship a monkey. Indeed, it will generally be found that our relations to the lower animals are healthy exactly in proportion as they are humorous. There is no harm in a child regarding a dog as a doll so long as the doll is a golly-wog—so long as the doll is not an idol. Children are generally right about this, as they are about so many spiritual things, especially what we should call rather

much in their degree of toleration for any jokes about ugly or undignified things. People vary widely in their taste for jokes about drunkenness, or jokes about sea-sickness, or jokes about jumping fleas. But the point is that the joke is either a joke or it is nothing. The variety extends from the man who thinks of sea-sickness as funny to the man who prefers not to think of it at all. One man thinks it funny to mention performing fleas, and another man thinks it vulgar to mention them; but nobody in his senses thinks they should be honourably mentioned. Nobody who is wise will worship those insects, as beetles were worshipped in ancient Egypt. A man may think sea-sickness too tragic to be talked about, or too comic not to be talked about; but if he begins to talk about it tragically he will not be a bright or lively companion in society. If he begins to talk about it philosophically, he may not unreasonably be hurled out of society. Suppose a man were to found a system of pessimism entirely on the experience of sea-sickness. Suppose he were to say that only in that supreme psychological experience can man have a full sense of the instability of this world. Suppose he were to say that sea-sickness is a sort of vision of the vanity of all things, a rending revelation in which we see the awful truth that our only hope is in annihilation. Such an idiot would be talking about sea-sickness very much as the realists talk about sex.

Imagine a long and rather vulgar comic novel full of things like sea-sickness and sitting down on tin-tacks. And then imagine the whole of this tale taken quite seriously by the author from beginning to end, all its fleas magnified and all its emetics analysed and all its tin-tacks sharpened to the finest point. Imagine a long passage in the manner of Meredith describing the sensation of sitting on a nail. Doubtless it would be, like almost everything else, an interesting intellectual exercise. But it would be an intellectual exercise at a considerable intellectual sacrifice, the sacrifice of a very great intellectual power and privilege. It would be at the sacrifice of the noble and ancestral gift of laughter, of the power of uproarious reaction against ourselves and our own incongruities. The thing could only be done by crushing and silencing laughter like an evil passion. Yet that is exactly what is done systematically, from one end to the other of the serious sexual novel of to-day, which lets loose so many other passions more evil than laughter.

The old coarseness corrected itself, for the bodily adventures that were unscrupulous were also undignified. A picaresque romance would describe the wandering loves of some rascal; but the story would imply a sort of satire on wandering appetites, like a satire on wandering wits. The romantic vagabond would really be what the law calls a rogue and vagabond. All that comic correction is lost when the spiritual wandering is regarded as a spiritual progress. The whole thing becomes preposterous, when a string of gross intrigues can be considered as the stages in a pilgrim's progress. This stiff and unnatural solemnity, that has descended on our artistic immorality, is the most immoral thing about it. The new atheism has brought with it a new asceticism, whose monks are not forbidden to talk but only to laugh, and especially to laugh at themselves. Man abdicates his special spiritual privilege of knowing when he is making a fool of himself; and, when he makes a beast of himself, he must imitate the solemnity of the beasts.



DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF QUEEN VICTORIA, AND AUNT (BY MARRIAGE) OF THE KING:
H.R.H. THE LATE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

The late Duchess of Albany, who died on September 1, at Innsbruck, was a daughter of Prince George Victor of Waldeck and Pyrmont. She was born in 1861, and in 1882 she married Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, a son of Queen Victoria. He died suddenly at Cannes in 1884, leaving a daughter (now Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone), and a posthumous son, now Duke of Saxe-Coburg. The late Duchess devoted herself during her long widowhood to many charities, especially the Deptford Fund, which she founded, for girls and women employed in the great cattle market. Though German by birth, she was thoroughly English in her sympathies, and in the war was a strong supporter of the land of her adoption.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

subtle things. But older people are sometimes capable of taking a dog quite seriously—which is itself an indication that they could take anything seriously. The dog and the monkey are in this matter only an allegory of the body or the beast within us. St. Francis called his own body "my brother the donkey"; and that is the right note, for it combined a reasonable sympathy with a recognition of the ridiculous. Now, the trouble with most of the modern realists is that they do not seem to see that anything is ridiculous, and least of all (strange to say) that they themselves are ridiculous. The realist does not even realise that his body is a donkey, leaving on one side the more subtle and suggestive question of his mind.

In this respect the question of coarseness is simply a question of ugliness, and not at all of immorality. But the same moral test applies to it. Men differ very

A TURKISH TRIUMPH IN ASIA MINOR: KEMAL AND HIS TROOPS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. S. KINGSTON AND TOPICAL.



GREEK CAMEL TRANSPORT: "THE SHIP OF THE DESERT" WITH A HEAVY CARGO LED BY A MAN ON A DONKEY.



TURKISH CAMEL TRANSPORT: A GROUP OF DRIVERS WITH MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA, THE TURKISH NATIONALIST LEADER, ON A ROUND OF INSPECTION.



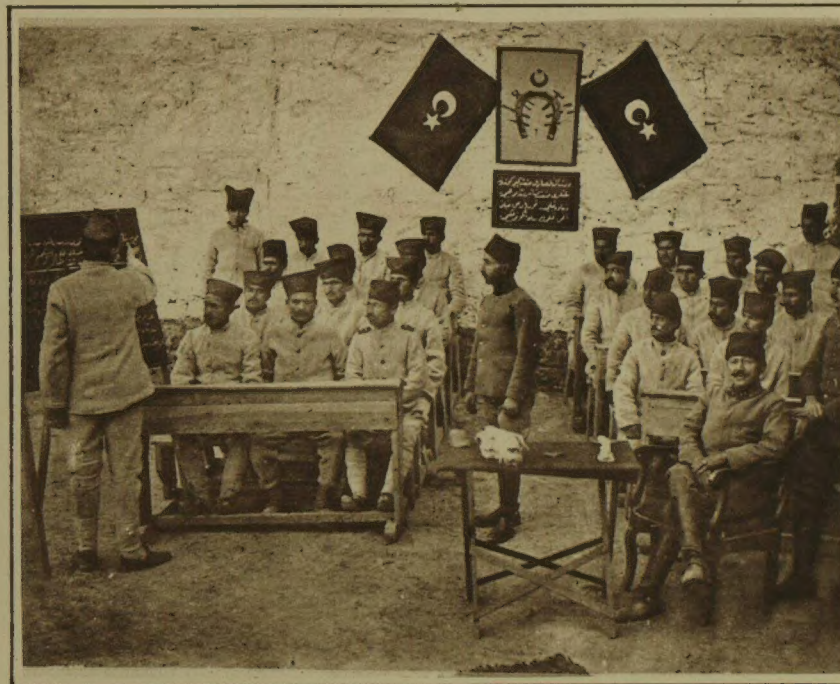
THE RESULT OF WAR: THE TURKISH VILLAGE OF MULK, WITH ITS BURNT-OUT BUILDINGS DESTROYED DURING THE CAMPAIGN.



TURKISH MOTOR TRANSPORT: AN EXTENSIVE "PARK" OF LORRIES AND OTHER CARS OF THE TURKISH NATIONALIST ARMY.



ARTILLERY WHICH HELPED TO DEFEAT THE GREEKS: TURKISH GUNNERS OUTSIDE THE ASSEMBLY BUILDING AT ANGORA, THE KEMALIST CAPITAL.



TURKISH MILITARY INSTRUCTION: A BLACKSMITH GIVES A LESSON ON THE BLACKBOARD—SOLDIERS "AT SCHOOL" TO LEARN HORSE-SHOEING.

The great advance of the Turkish Nationalist Army against the Greeks had a decisive effect. It was stated on September 5 that the Greek Government had decided that it was no longer possible to maintain a defence in Asia Minor, as their troops were in a condition of *débâcle*, and that they would consequently be withdrawn. Efforts were made, in conjunction with the Allies, to provide for the retreat with as little loss as possible. British war-ships were sent to Smyrna to aid in preserving order during the evacuation. The First Greek Army Corps was reported on the 2nd to have effected contact with the missing Second Corps, which

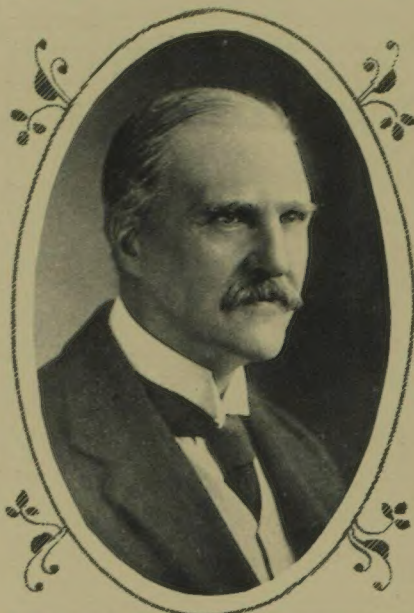
abandoned all its wheeled transport, including probably 100 motor vehicles, but had succeeded in beating off the Turkish pursuit in a rearguard action. Kemal Pasha, the Turkish leader, of whom a portrait appears on our front page, is described by General Townshend, who met him recently, as being "adored by the army." The Turkish Nationalists are on friendly terms with the Bolsheviks. The Angora Government's delegate to Soviet Russia, Riza Nuri Bey, recently returned from Moscow, where he said that Russo-Turkish co-operation was of great value to Eastern peoples struggling against Western European imperialism.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE PROMINENT IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, RUSSELL, VANDYK, TOPICAL, HERESFORD, L.B., AND FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD, LTD.



CHAMPION COUNTY AT CRICKET FOR THE ELEVENTH TIME: THE YORKSHIRE TEAM, WHO HAVE WON 19 MATCHES THIS SEASON.



CHIEF EDITOR OF REUTER'S AGENCY: THE LATE MR. F. W. DICKINSON.



PREFERMENT: THE REV. P. T. B. CLAYTON, OF "TOC H" FAME.



THE STRONG HAND IN IRAQ: SIR PERCY COX, HIGH COMMISSIONER.



OPERATED ON FOR APPENDICITIS RECENTLY: KING FEISAL OF IRAQ.



AN AUTHORITY ON COMPANY LAW: THE LATE SIR FRANCIS GORE-BROWNE, K.C.



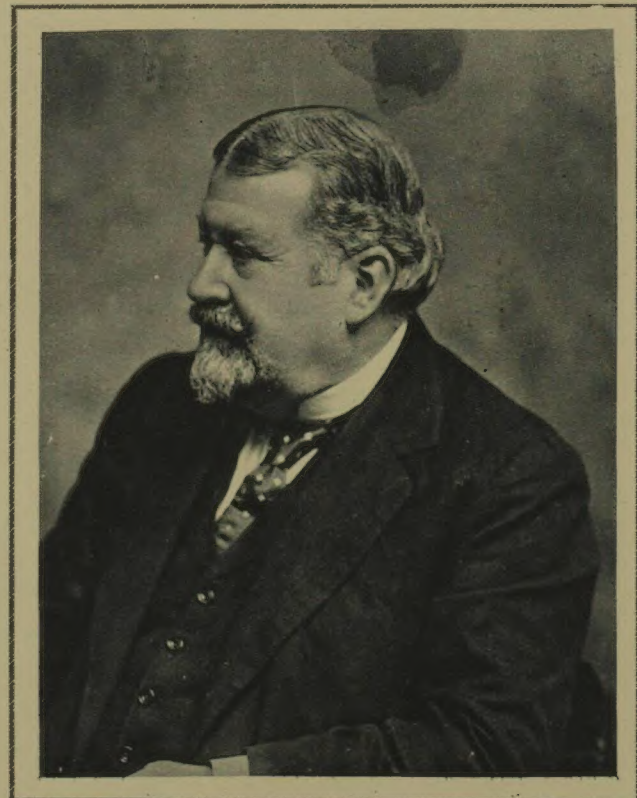
A LEAGUE OF NATIONS DELEGATE AT GENEVA: MRS. COOMBE-TENNANT.



MENTIONED IN CONNECTION WITH HONOURS: MR. HARRY SHAW.



A VETERAN INDIAN WARRIOR AND STATESMAN: THE LATE SIR PARTAB SINGH, REGENT OF JODHPUR.



"DAGONET" OF THE "REFEREE": THE LATE MR. GEORGE R. SIMS, THE WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT AND JOURNALIST.

Our photograph of the Yorkshire cricket team, again County Champions, shows (from left to right): Back row—R. Kilner, N. Kilner, Waddington, Macaulay, Leyland; Front row—Oldroyd, Robinson, Rhodes, G. Wilson (Captain), Dolphin, Sutcliffe, and Holmes.—Mr. Frederic William Dickinson had been Chief Editor of Reuter's Agency for twenty years.—The Rev. P. T. B. Clayton is well known as the leading spirit of "Toc H," founded as a soldiers' hostel at Poperinghe in 1915. He has just been appointed the Vicar of All Hallows, Barking.—Sir Percy Cox, the British High Commissioner in Baghdad, took strong measures after he was slighted at the Palace during the illness of King Feisal. He assumed control on the resignation of the Cabinet, arrested and expelled certain anti-British

Ministers and agitators, and suppressed anti-British newspapers. King Feisal was operated on for appendicitis, and was afterwards reported to be making good progress.—Sir Francis Gore-Browne was called to the Bar in 1883 and took "silk" in 1902.—The British Delegates to the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva are the Earl of Balfour, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, Colonel John Ward, and Mrs. Coombe-Tennant.—Mr. Harry Shaw has been alleged by the Duke of Northumberland to have been concerned in negotiations for the bestowal of honours.—Sir Partab Singh was born in 1845, and became Regent of Jodhpur in 1895. He served in the war.—Mr. George R. Sims, who was born in 1847, was the author of many well-known plays and stories.

"A STRICTLY MAN-TO-BEAST AFFAIR": MARQUESAN PIG-STICKING.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A DESCRIPTION IN MR. LEWIS R. FREEMAN'S BOOK, "IN THE TRACKS OF THE TRADES" (HEINEMANN).



"HE SETTLED THE TOES OF HIS LEFT FOOT FIRMLY INTO THEIR HOLE, POISED . . . AND LURCHED FORWARD IN TWO LIGHTNING PASSES": A MARQUESAN PIG-STICKER TACKLING A "DOUBLE"—A FEAT AS RARE AS THE "HAT TRICK."

"A Marquesan boar hunt," writes Mr. Lewis R. Freeman in his book, "In the Tracks of the Trades," "is as exciting and hazardous an undertaking as the most adventurous can desire. The pigs are scared up in the bush by dogs and men, headed along narrow runways, and despatched by a knife-thrust between the base of the neck and the shoulder. A difference of an inch means that the thrust will be almost harmless and leaves the hunter open to the deadly sweep of the tusks." Describing the above scene, he continues: "I was led up to a natural 'grand stand.' . . . My three other companions took their stands in the centre of the runway, one behind the other, at ten or twelve foot intervals. . . . The

native receiving the charge scrapes a shallow depression in the path, into which the toes of his left foot are set for a firm grip. . . . Deftly and easily he dropped his first pig, and had just got well 'set' on his toes again, when that bane of the Marquesan pig-sticker, a 'double'—two boars running close together—came charging down. . . . Successfully to stick a 'double' is a feat as rare as a triple play in baseball or the 'hat trick' in cricket. . . . He poised for an instant in quivering readiness, and then, with the swiftness of a striking cobra, lurched forward in two lightning passes. . . . Pig-sticking in the Marquesas is a strictly man-to-beast, give-and-take affair."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada—C.R.]

EVENTS OF THE WEEK: THE IRISH BORDER; OSTEND WAR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRATT'S, PERSONALITY PHOTO PRESS, VANDYKE, C.N., TOPICAL, CENTRAL PRESS, AND L.N.A.



THE FIFTY-FOURTH TRADES UNION CONGRESS: MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL COUNCIL AT SOUTHPORT, INCLUDING THE PRESIDENT, MR. R. B. WALKER (THIRD FROM LEFT).



MEDIEVAL PAGEANTRY AT PRESTON IN CONNECTION SIX CENTURIES!



WITH SOME OF THE 14 GROOMSMEN AND A TRAIN-BEARER, PRINCESS CECILIA OF GREECE: PRINCE PAUL CHAVCHAVADZE AND HIS BRIDE, PRINCESS NINA OF RUSSIA.



OSTEND'S TRIBUTE TO ALLIED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS: THE WAR MEMORIAL UNVEILED.



WITH GROOMSMEN HOLDING CROWNS OVER THE BRIDAL PAIR: THE WEDDING OF PRINCE PAUL CHAVCHAVADZE AND PRINCESS NINA.



SEARCHING RAILWAY PASSENGERS AT A BORDER STATION: ULSTER CONSTABULARY AND A

MEMORIAL; A RUSSIAN WEDDING; THE THREE CHOIRS.

SIR JOHN LAVERY'S PICTURE OF MICHAEL COLLINS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. GEORGE PULMAN AND SONS, LTD.



WITH THE ANCIENT GUILD CEREMONIES, HELD EVERY 20 YEARS FOR NEARLY DANCING ROUND THE MAYPOLE.



"MICHAEL COLLINS: KILLED IN ACTION 22ND AUGUST, 1922": SIR JOHN LAVERY'S MEMORIAL PICTURE OF HIS DEAD FRIEND.



ON THE ULSTER AND IRISH FREE STATE FRONTIER: BRITISH SOLDIERS CROSSING INTO FREE STATE TERRITORY ON ADVANCED OUTPOST DUTY.



BETWEEN ULSTER AND THE IRISH FREE STATE: MEN OF THE ROYAL WOMAN SEARCHER AT WORK.



THE 202ND FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS: A REHEARSAL IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

The fifty-fourth annual Trades Union Congress opened on September 4, at Southport, where it was held 37 years ago. Mr. R. B. Walker, of the Agricultural Workers' Union, delivered the presidential address. Our photograph shows (left to right): Mr. C. W. Bowerman, M.P., Secretary (now to retire); Mr. E. L. Poulton, ex-President; Mr. R. B. Walker, President; Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., and Miss Julia Varley. Among those behind are Messrs. Ben Turner, A. B. Swales, and H. Boothman.—Preston began on September 2 a week of historical pageantry which has been held there every 20 years for 594 years, to commemorate the traditions of the town and its medieval Merchant Guild, which, under Charles I., was expanded into a trading company.—Sir John Lavery, the well-known artist, who was a personal friend of Michael Collins, has painted a memorial picture of his lying-in-state in Dublin City Hall, covered with the Irish tricolour. A colour reproduction of the picture is to be published shortly by Messrs. George Pulman and Sons, Ltd., 22, High Street, Marylebone.—

The wedding of Prince Paul Chavchavadze, elder son of Prince and Princess Troubetzky, and Princess Nina of Russia, daughter of the Grand Duchess George of Russia, took place in London, at the Russian Church (St. Philip's), Buckingham Palace Road, on September 3. Queen Alexandra was present. The bride was attended by three train-bearers, Princesses Cecilia and Sophia of Greece and Miss Viona Barron; and the bridegroom by his brother, Prince George, and fourteen groomsmen, including Princes Nikita, Dimitri, Rostislav, and Vassili (all of Russia), Count Michael Torby, and Count Borch. They took turns in holding the ceremonial gilt crowns above the heads of the bride and bridegroom during the service.—The monument erected by the town of Ostend to Allied soldiers and sailors buried there was unveiled on September 3. Many British representatives attended the ceremony.—The 202nd Festival of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford opened with a service in Gloucester Cathedral on September 3.

Treasure from Vatican Rubbish:

RICH "FINDS" OF GREEK AND ROMAN SCULPTURE.

By EUGENIE STRONG (Mrs. Arthur Strong), Assistant Director of the British School at Rome.

I.—THE NEW VATICAN FRAGMENTS.

THE announcement that a number of fragments of Greek and Roman sculpture, many of them of the first importance, had been recently found in the basement of the Vatican, has naturally awakened widespread interest. We are, therefore, deeply indebted to Professor Amelung, the learned author of the Catalogue of the Vatican Sculptures, who discovered and described the fragments, for allowing us to publish a first illustrated account of these finds, and for lending us for the purpose his notes and a selection from his photographs.

The Vatican Museum possesses three store-rooms, or *magazzini*—one under the Sala Rotonda; the other two in the great Cortile di Bramante, respectively situated under the Library and under the Appartamento Borgia. The last mention of any sculptures being stored in these rooms goes back to quite a hundred years. Since then, the *magazzini* have been strictly closed, with the exception of the first, which was made accessible on rare occasions to specially privileged persons. Here had been banished nude statues of Aphrodite or the Graces, that had once been exhibited in the galleries and then withdrawn, in deference presumably to nineteenth-century prejudice. In the Belvedere store-rooms, on the other hand, numberless unknown or forgotten fragments lay buried under heaps of rubbish from all parts of the Museum. Rather more than a year ago, Professor Amelung was entrusted by the Director-General of the Pontifical Museums, Professor Nogara, with the difficult and tedious task of sifting the accumulated debris. The work took rather more than a whole winter, but the results surpassed all expectation. A very few pieces, which had, apparently, been at one time exhibited, had been subjected to the usual process of cleaning and restoration, but the numerous fragments—mainly heads—which had probably been tossed aside as too mutilated for exhibition, retain, for this very reason, a singular freshness of surface and outline. A large proportion, moreover, are of great importance as affording better or truer versions of works only known so far from freely restored copies. In what follows we have condensed Professor Amelung's descriptions of the more remarkable examples.

A GROUP OF SCULPTURES FROM THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.

Six fragments—all of them technically excellent—recall celebrated works in the Athens of the fifth century. First in order of date is the replica of the head of the Aristogeiton (Fig. 6)* from the group of

statue of the poet, of which the complete copy exists at Copenhagen; head of the central figure of an archaic group of the "Three Charities" or Graces; head of the terminal Hermes by Agoracritos (Fig. 8), which was surnamed *propulaios*, because it stood "at the gates," or *propylæa*. Only the upper part of the face is preserved, but it is singularly lifelike, and reproduces the beauty of eyes and hair and the fine modelling of the brow.

To the fifth century was also attributed the archaic head of Athena (Fig. 11), from the school of Kritios and Nesiotes; a Pheidias head (Fig. 12), so superior in style to its replica in Madrid that it must come very near the original; a new type of young Pan of Myronian character; a good example of the



FIG. 1. WITH THE THUNDERBOLT OF ZEUS, THE TRIDENT OF POSEIDON, AND THE SWORD OF ARES: A COMPOSITE GOD—A NEO-ATTIC RELIEF (FIRST CENTURY) FOUND IN THE VATICAN.

Behind, to the left, is an eagle perched on a cornucopia.

portrait known as that of Sappho, from its likeness to the effigy of the poetess on the coins of Lesbos; a fresh version of the head generally admitted to be that of the Nike of Paionios at Olympia (Fig. 13); and the copy, in black basalt, of the head of the Idolino in Florence, showing that this admirable work—one of the few Greek originals that have come down to us—was so well appreciated in antiquity that it was copied in a material intended to reproduce the colour of the original bronze (Fig. 14).

PRAXITELES AND THE FOURTH CENTURY.

A work of the first order has been preserved in the head of Aphrodite (Figs. 15 and 17), which many will think can stand comparison with the celebrated head in the Kaufmann collection, or with the Aphrodite from Petworth: it comes very close to the style of Praxiteles, but cannot be pronounced an exact replica of any known work of his. Praxiteles—the Greek sculptor best loved of the ancient-Rome collectors—is further represented by the head of a youth akin to the Hermes of Olympia, and to the "Aberdeen Head" in the British Museum. Of peculiar interest, likewise, are four female heads—all of them pronounced by Amelung to be originals—which reproduce late Praxitelean types; while a bearded male head in the same group resembles the Sarapis executed for Alexandria by Bryaxis. This fact, and certain peculiarities of technique common to all five heads, incline Amelung to attribute the whole group to the Græco-Alexandrian School.

After Praxiteles and Bryaxis we turn to Lysippus, whose school is well represented by a fine replica of the head of the bearded "Seilenos carrying the infant Dionysos" (Fig. 19), and by the head of a dead man from a sepulchral relief.

Of the Capitoline Aphrodite, which may be looked upon as the Lysippian version of a Praxitelean work, a magnificent torso, firmly and delicately modelled, has been found, giving an idea of what the beauty of the original must have been.

THE HELLENISTIC AND ROMAN PERIODS.

From the Hellenistic period come the delightful head of a young female Faun; the group of a "Child with a Bird," similar in style and conception to the one in the temple of Cos which was described in so lively a manner by the poet Herodas; an enchanting portrait of a young girl; yet another female head with hair curiously dressed, closely resembling the head placed on a statue of Dionysos in the collection at Petworth, and a lifelike replica of the lower part of the celebrated "Satyr with the Foot-clapper" in the Tribuna of the Uffizi. There is also an excellent example of the Etruscan art of this period—a fine male head of *nenfro* (the volcanic tufa of Etruria), with hair rising flame-like from the forehead and confined at the back by a cap arranged in folds (Fig. 16).

Among the reliefs one with four Muses (Fig. 3)—a more complete copy of which, showing the Muses grouped about Apollo, exists at Siena—might well be, from its excellence, an original. A remarkable relief from the Neo-Attic School of the first century shows us a composite divinity, carrying the thunderbolt of Zeus, the trident of Poseidon, and the sword of Ares, while behind him an eagle perches upon a large cornucopia (Fig. 1). The relief with two Satyrs—one of whom dances to the other's piping—reproduces one of those delightful Hellenistic conceits dear to the Romans (Fig. 2).

Of the numerous Roman portrait-heads we give as characteristic examples one from the period of Tiberius (Fig. 18); and another (Fig. 20) of about the time of Gallienus (253-268 A.D.). To enumerate the rest would only be tedious; it suffices to say that nearly all are new types, and possess great technical merit.

In conclusion, it remains to congratulate Dr. Nogara and Professor Amelung on discoveries which add very materially to our knowledge of antique art. It is also satisfactory to learn that these precious fragments, which equally interest artists and archaeologists, are to be placed in a small separate museum, arranged in such a way as to be easily studied and even handled.

II.—A NEW STATUE OF ARTEMIS FOUND AT OSTIA.

While forgotten treasures are thus being recovered in the richest and most venerable of Rome's many museums, the excavations undertaken by the Italian Government have yielded this year works of art of capital importance; as, for instance, at Formia, where



FIG. 2. ONE DANCING TO THE OTHER'S PIPING: A HELLENISTIC RELIEF WITH TWO SATYRS, FOUND IN THE VATICAN.

the Tyrant-Slayers of Kritios and Nesiotes, known from the world-famous copy in Naples. In striking contrast to this example of archaic art is the gem of the whole series—a bearded original head from one of the Metopes of the Parthenon (Figs. 5 and 7). It is of Pentelic marble, and in very high relief. This precious fragment, which brings us close to the art of Pheidias, doubtless found its way to Italy at the time of the Venetian occupation of Athens in the seventeenth century. Of replicas of other works that were to be seen in or near the Acropolis, we note among the new finds the following fragments: A head of Athena—of exquisite workmanship—from Myron's group of "Athena and the Satyr Marsyas" (Figs. 9 and 10); head of Anacreon, from a portrait-

* Our reference numbers correspond to those of the illustrations on this and succeeding pages.



FIG. 3. A RELIEF OF WHICH A MORE COMPLETE COPY EXISTS AT SIENA: FOUR OF THE MUSES—A VATICAN DISCOVERY.

a series of Imperial statues and heads, all of them excellently preserved, has recently come to light. These will doubtless soon be described and illustrated in these columns. Meanwhile, we reproduce, by kind permission of Dr. Calza, who discovered it at Ostia, the unusually beautiful statue of a young girl represented as Artemis (Fig. 4). From its style the statue is attributed by Calza to the Flavian period, but whose is the charming apparition? The importance and size of the work would lead one to guess an Imperial princess, but so far the fresh and attractive features cannot be identified in any other portrait-statue, or on coins or medals. We have just seen what treasures were concealed under rubbish heaps at the Vatican, but it is still more surprising to learn that the Artemis of Ostia was found in a mass of marble debris, evidently intended for the lime-kiln,

A FLAVIAN PRINCESS AS ARTEMIS? A ROMAN "MYSTERY" STATUE.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MRS. ARTHUR STRONG. BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR AMELUNG.

1.

AT the close of her article on the new discoveries at the Vatican (on the preceding page), Mrs. Arthur Strong writes: "While forgotten treasures are thus being recovered in the richest and most venerable of Rome's many museums, the excavations undertaken by the Italian Government have yielded this year works of art of capital importance. . . . We reproduce by kind permission of Dr. Calza, who discovered it at Ostia, the unusually beautiful statue of a young girl represented as Artemis. From its style the statue is attributed by Calza to the Flavian period, but whose is the charming apparition? The importance and size of the work would lead one to guess an Imperial princess, but, so far, the fresh and attractive features cannot be identified in any other portrait-statue or on coins or medals. We have just seen what treasures were concealed under rubbish heaps at the Vatican, but it is still more surprising to learn that the Artemis of Ostia was found in a mass of marble debris, evidently intended for the lime-kiln." We may recall the fact that another photograph of this statue, in a slightly different form (*i.e.*, before the attach-

(Continued in Box 2)

2.

ment of the right arm), appeared in our issue of June 3 last. It was among the illustrations that accompanied an article by Professor Federico Halbherr on the new discoveries at the site of ancient Ostia, the commercial city at the mouth of the Tiber which was the port of Rome. The chief interest of these discoveries is the light they throw on ancient Roman architecture, Ostia in this respect forming an interesting contrast to Pompeii. After discussing this point, Professor Halbherr continued: "From the Ostian diggings we obtain but little information about the furniture of the homes, since the abandonment of the town took place, not suddenly, as at Pompeii, but gradually; and the succeeding incursions of the Saracens wasted and plundered everything in it. But in the streets and squares, as also in the temples and other public buildings, not a few works of art were left in place, numbers of which have been recovered, and others are to be expected from the excavations. Amongst the former is the colossal group of Commodus and Crispina, represented as Mars and Venus, lately brought into the Museum of the Diocletian Thermae,

(Continued in Box 3)

FIG. 4. FOUND AMONG DÉBRIS AT OSTIA: A BEAUTIFUL STATUE OF ARTEMIS.

3.

together with some other statues already known to archæologists. To these we must add now a new and very fine work of sculpture which was found in pieces near one of the gates, in a heap of marble and stone destined for the lime-kiln, but which fortunately escaped destruction. By putting together the fragments in the same museum, an almost complete statue has been reconstructed, of Greek style but Roman workmanship, reproducing a Greek goddess in Amazon costume. According to Dr. Calza, the able supervisor and illustrator of the excavations at Ostia, we have here, as in the above-mentioned group, a portrait: that of a young lady or a princess of the Julio-Claudian family, represented as Diana (Artemis), from a model of the Praxiteles School." Claudius became Emperor in 41 A.D. The Flavian Emperors were Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian.



FIG. 4. PROBABLY A PORTRAIT OF AN IMPERIAL ROMAN PRINCESS: THE MARBLE STATUE OF ARTEMIS FROM OSTIA.



ATTRIBUTED TO THE FLAVIAN PERIOD, BUT UNIDENTIFIED: THE PORTRAIT STATUE REPRESENTING ARTEMIS.

Portrait-sculpture is coming into vogue in our own day, and it is consequently of special interest to remember that it was practised in the time of the Caesars, when young princesses of the Imperial house were represented in the guise of Greek or Roman goddesses. The identity of the particular young woman portrayed by the sculptor in the above statue of Artemis (the Roman Diana) remains a matter of speculation and research. As Mrs. Arthur Strong remarks in her

article, "whose is the charming apparition?" It is still possible that the same features may be recognised in some other work of statuary, or on an ancient Roman coin or medal. Meanwhile, we may class it among the "mystery" portraits of antiquity, and be content to admire the exquisite beauty of the sculptor's workmanship. The statue was found at Ostia among a mass of marble debris intended for the lime-kiln.

FOUND AMONG VATICAN LUMBER: TREASURES OF GREEK SCULPTURE.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MRS. ARTHUR STRONG. BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR AMELUNG.



FIG. 5. THE GEM OF THE WHOLE SERIES: AN ORIGINAL HEAD FROM A METOPE OF THE PARTHENON.



FIG. 6. ARCHAIC GREEK ART: A REPLICA OF THE HEAD OF ARISTOGEITON.



FIG. 7. A PRECIOUS FRAGMENT FROM THE PARTHENON: A PROFILE VIEW OF THE HEAD SHOWN IN FIG. 5.



FIG. 8. FROM THE PROPYLÆA OF THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS: A HEAD OF HERMES, BY AGORACRITOS.



FIG. 9. OF EXQUISITE WORKMANSHIP: A HEAD OF ATHENA FROM A GROUP BY MYRON.



FIG. 10. FROM MYRON'S GROUP OF "ATHENA AND MARSYAS": THE HEAD OF ATHENA IN PROFILE.

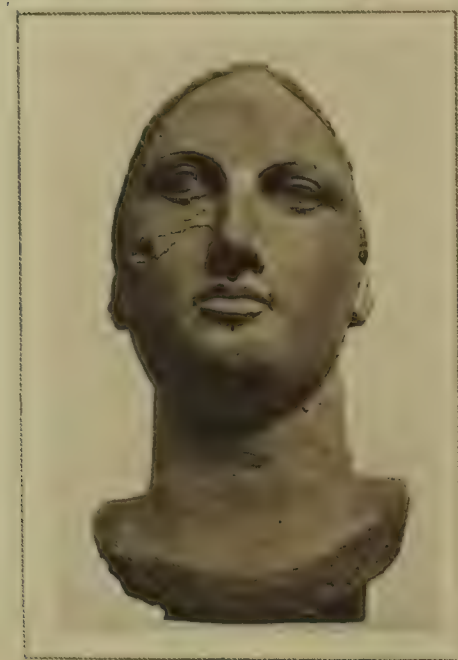


FIG. 11. OF THE SCHOOL OF KRITIOS AND NESIOTES: AN ARCHAIC HEAD OF ATHENA.



FIG. 12. SUPERIOR IN STYLE TO ITS REPLICA IN MADRID: A PHEIDIAN HEAD OF A YOUTH.



FIG. 13. THE NIKE OF PAIONIOS AT OLYMPIA: A FRESH VERSION OF THE HEAD.

We illustrate here some of the remarkable examples of ancient Greek sculpture recently found in a basement of the Vatican at Rome, as described by Mrs. Arthur Strong in her article on a preceding page. The figures given above under the illustrations correspond to the references to the various subjects in the article. Regarding the head (full face and profile) shown in the left and right photographs at the top of this page (Figs. 5 and 7) Mrs. Strong writes: "In striking contrast

to this example of archaic art (Fig. 6) is the gem of the whole series—a bearded original head from one of the Metopes of the Parthenon. It is of Pentelic marble and in very high relief. This precious fragment, which brings us close to the art of Pheidias, doubtless found its way to Italy at the time of the Venetian occupation of Athens in the seventeenth century." Other new "finds" from the Vatican are illustrated on the succeeding page.

VATICAN "FINDS" OF ANCIENT SCULPTURE: GREEK; ROMAN; ETRUSCAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MRS. ARTHUR STRONG. BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR AMELUNG.



FIG. 14. IN BLACK BASALT TO IMITATE THE ORIGINAL BRONZE: A COPY OF THE IDOLINO.

AMONG the sculptures found in the Vatican to be attributed to the fifth century (B.C.), mentioned by Mrs. Strong in her article on a preceding page, is "the copy in black basalt (Fig. 14, on this page) of the head of the Idolino in Florence, showing that this admirable work—one of the few Greek originals that have come down to us—was so well appreciated in antiquity that it was copied in a material intended to reproduce the colour of the original bronze." Of the Aphrodite (shown in Figs. 15 and 17), she says: "A work of the first order has been preserved in the head of Aphrodite, which many will think can stand comparison with the celebrated head in the Kaufmann collection, or with

(Continued opposite.



FIG. 15. VERY CLOSE TO THE STYLE OF PRAXITELES: A REMARKABLE HEAD OF APHRODITE.



FIG. 17. COMPARABLE TO THE FAMOUS HEAD IN THE KAUFMANN COLLECTION: THE APHRODITE SHOWN IN FIG. 15.



FIG. 16. WROUGHT IN NENFRO (THE VOLCANIC TUFFA OF ETRURIA): AN ETRUSCAN HEAD.

(Continued).

the Aphrodite from Petworth. It comes very close to the style of Praxiteles, but cannot be pronounced an exact replica of any work of his." Dealing with the Hellenistic and Roman periods, as represented in the Vatican discoveries, Mrs. Strong writes: "There is also an excellent example of the Etruscan art of this period—a fine male head of *nenfro* (the volcanic tuffa of Etruria), with hair rising flamelike from the forehead and confined at the back by a cap arranged in folds. . . . Of the numerous portrait-heads, we give as characteristic examples one from the period of Tiberius (Fig. 18) and another (Fig. 20) of about the time of Gallienus (253 to 268 A.D.)."



FIG. 18. ONE OF MANY PORTRAIT-HEADS FOUND: AN EXAMPLE OF THE TIME OF TIBERIUS.

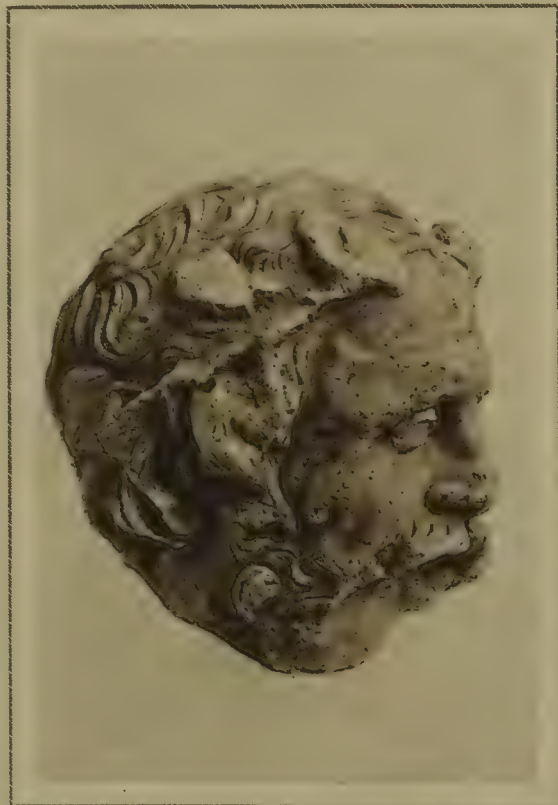


FIG. 19. OF THE SCHOOL OF LYSIPPUS: A REPLICA OF THE HEAD OF THE BEARDED SILENUS.



FIG. 20. DATING FROM ABOUT THE TIME OF GALLIENUS (253-268 A.D.): A ROMAN PORTRAIT-HEAD.

The above photographs show further examples of ancient sculpture—Greek, Hellenistic, Roman, and Etruscan—which were among the remarkable discoveries recently made by Professor Amelung in the basement of the Vatican. As already mentioned, the subject is fully treated by Mrs. Arthur Strong in her article on a previous page, from which we give some extracts above in order to facilitate

reference. Having described the sculptures found representing the work of Praxiteles and Bryaxis, Greek sculptors of the fourth century B.C., she continues: "We turn to Lysippus, whose school is well represented by a fine replica of the head of the bearded 'Silenus carrying the infant Dionysos,' and by the head of a dead man from a sepulchral relief." The Silenus is illustrated above (Fig. 19).

The Best of the Book

"BACK THROUGH TIME ITSELF": GYPSYING IN CENTRAL AMERICA.*

THE trek through the Republics of Central America began in politeness, in Costa Rica; continued in the grudging hospitality and frank unfriendliness of Nicaragua and the *non simpático* but less hostile Salvador, and ended in Guatemala during a rising against Cabrera.

Between had been a "narrow, hoof-marked track that threaded emerald jungle, where the chattering of monkeys, the shrill cries of parrot and macaw, alone broke the deathly stillness; faint, dusty

"Well, where did it go?" demanded a practical-minded committee man.

"Gentlemen," replied the Treasurer simply, "I cannot lie to you. The rats must have eaten it!"

So to Nicaragua, the country of Nicarao the Cacique, "converted" by Don Gil Gonzales de Avila in 1519. The first "trouble" there was a delay in the coming of the iced beer. "He was gone so long," chronicles Mr. Cunningham of the boy sent for the drink, "that we went to investigate, and we found him in the kitchen, sitting upon the floor, with two bottles of *cerveze* clasped between his knees, gravely rubbing the outside of the bottles with a large lump of ice!" That was at Rivas. It was there, too, that the Nicaraguan Canal came under discussion. "It is still a subject of engrossing interest to Nicaraguans, this canal which was never dug. In the early 'nineties, when it seemed that the trans-continental water-way would surely cross Central America from Brito on the Pacific to Greytown on the Caribbean, speculators, both native and foreign, bought up all the land they could get hold of along the proposed route. Now they, or their descendants, cling to those arid acres which were once potential fortunes. They refuse to believe that the

Revolution was brewing, and all knew the wide net of the secret service of the Dictator, Estrada Cabrera. Spies were everywhere, and it was not long before the travellers were suspect. In Guatemala City, they were dogged and their belongings were searched. Also: "when on the way home . . . one night . . . a big touring car, with no lights burning, leaped suddenly and directly at us, gathering racing speed as it came, and we saved ourselves only by a frantic leap to the innermost edge of the sidewalk, the thing began to look serious. Melodrama it might seem, regarded from the cool and distant States, but these people live in an atmosphere of intrigue and conspiracy, and assassination of enemies of the Government was by no means uncommon.

"After the 'accident' of the touring car, we were more cautious in our comings and goings; and hugged the walls of buildings at corners, and swung wide of dark doorways." That did not prevent revolver-shots on another night, but no harm was done.

It can be imagined, however, that Messrs. Cunningham and Hartman were not too sorry to shake the dust of the "Banana" Republics from their feet, and to see once more the black masts stabbing the misty sky, "the very pencils that write Adventure."

No wonder the writer's conclusion is in sympathy with him who exclaimed: "What *couldn't* the white man's industry and perseverance do with these countries!" Although he says: "Frankly, I hesitate to voice either hope or despair concerning the future of these countries—under the rule of the native himself. As a people, the Latins have no such record of reclamation of waste lands as their fairer brothers.

"In Mexico, indeed, the Spaniard has put his imprint upon the people almost as thoroughly as the Puritans stamped New England. But we see in Mexico to-day—and in Central America also—progress coming principally, if not wholly, at the demand of foreigners, and progress, even then, limited to certain industries, localities almost, progress and civilisation virtually rammed down the throats of the natives.

"In the United States I have seen the negroes of my own Southland dwelling in squalor and poverty almost equal to that of the miserable Latin-American *peon*; but there the comparison ends. The negro's low condition is the exception, not the rule, nor has the *peon* an encircling prosperity and example of industry to spur him from his slough. Nor, with all justice to the Latinised races from Mexico to Panama,



AT A RELIGIOUS "FIESTA": MASKED CELEBRANTS AT MASAYA.

Photograph from "Gypsyng Through Central America," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.

camino that crossed like a white rope the bare, brown plains, where overhead the *zopilotes* hung motionless against the cloudless blue, and the high wind of the level spaces set parched grass quivering; ancient, hard-trodden mule-paths that climbed insanely with serpentine loop and whirl up and ever up the slopes and scarps of red-black mountains piled range after range against the far horizon"—journeying not merely through the drowsy countryside, through alert town and sleepy village, but, as it seemed, "back through Time itself."

Adventures, in the big sense of the word, did not come to the travellers, although there was an occasion when bad men of the bad lands had to be scattered by bullets aimed to whip the dust behind their heels; but of experiences there were many well worth the recording, as throwing light upon the character of the peoples and the "manaña-lands" that are their countries.

In Costa Rica, the young explorers—they own to nearly sixty years between them—found much to note, and they were well received everywhere: even the police guarding each street corner of Puntarenas in the morning, waived all duties aside in the afternoon, that they might be photographed!

That is typical of the tropical way of doing things. On the railway to San José, the down train was met at Escobal, with ceremony. "The engineers halted each his engine so that passengers on either train might chat for a time through the coach windows with their acquaintances."

At San José, The Army was encountered. Mr. Cunningham remarks that "one must believe that promotion in the Costa Rican army is very rapid. Few of the two thousand odd bare-footed, demi-clad *soldados* are below the rank of colonel, and once we saw four generals in a single stroll about Central Plaza."

Bitter poverty was absent. "These," writes the recorder, "are the richest poor people I have ever seen; the native buys more for his easily-got colon than an American gets for five dollars. Nor need the penniless man go hungry in Costa Rica, so long as he owns or can borrow a machete. In the jungles are plantains, bananas, coconuts, pineapples, and other fruits, while, if the *mozo* has a gun, there are deer, monkeys, wild pig and feathered game galore for his hunting."

Why, then, should the rats have eaten the Treasurer's cash? You know the story?

A certain *Tesoro Municipal* gathered together ten thousand colones, when an investigating committee decided to audit his accounts. When they finished the inspection of his books—which showed the collection of the money in proper form—they asked to count the cash. He went to his desk and threw back the top, then announced in anguished tones that the ten thousand colones—all in *billetes*, or notes—were gone!

canal will never be dug; with an optimism almost pitiful they hang on to the land, discussing with anyone who will listen the many advantages of this route over that of Panama."

At Managua, the pair encountered the Anglo-Saxon dread of losing caste in Central America. Their determination to walk the "long traverse" to Guatemala was hailed with mingled surprise and contempt. Yet, go on foot they did, starting from Chinandega. Their packs were effective, if amazing to the untutored eye. Mr. Cunningham depicts them: "Our possessions were divided as evenly as possible, and each of us enclosed his share in the seat of a spare pair of trousers. A draw-string through the belt-loops at the waist made a bag of the seat, while the legs, tied to the waist-band by their bottoms, formed the shoulder-straps. Except only the blanket-roll, which is my favourite, the 'overalls-pack' is the most comfortable rucksack that I have ever shouldered, and, in my day, I have swung up several styles of war-bag." Revolvers were "worn" under the shirt under the left arm; and were not declared.

In due time, by long-delayed *gasolina*, came Salvador, quarantine difficulties, and bandits, assorted.

Then Guatemala—and more Army. A soldier was escort to Concepcion. "We felt greatly comforted . . . for he was nearly fourteen years of age, almost as tall as a short rifle, and heavily-armed with a pair of woven-grass saddle-bags. . . . Every youth of fifteen and upwards must serve three months a year in the army. We had heard before that the volunteer system was formerly in vogue—in this wise. When Guatemala was mobilising her troops for war with Mexico, some years back, a corporal's guard of soldiers arrived in Guatemala City bearing a note to the *Comandante* there, and escorting fifteen men tied together with a long, new rope. Shorn of its Latin floweriness of salutation, the note read somewhat as follows: 'Señors,—I have the honour to transmit herewith fifteen volunteers for military service. More will follow. Please return the rope.'



IN MASKS SAID TO BE VERY ANCIENT: CELEBRANTS OF A "FIESTA" IN NICARAGUA.

"At Masaya, a city of thirteen thousand inhabitants, lying between Granada and the capital . . . there was a religious 'fiesta' in full blast, and the streets were jammed by swaying, applauding, not-too-sober crowds. Processions of celebrants went up and down, weirdly dressed figures with masks, some of which, I was told, were very ancient."

Photograph from "Gypsyng Through Central America," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.

do I think the *peon* stands, as did the negro of, say, ten or fifteen years ago, ready to hold up his head as a citizen."

"Gypsyng Through Central America"—never by caravan, by the way, as the title might suggest—is a chronicle, its author writes, of a trip "conceived in restlessness, planned in perversity (almost), and executed in genuine enjoyment." Its readers will thank their stars for the restlessness and the perversity (almost), and cordially share the enjoyment.

E. H. G.

* "Gypsyng Through Central America." By Eugene Cunningham. With Photographs by Norman Hartman. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.; 21s. net).

THE WORLD'S LARGEST VOLCANIC CRATER: NGORONGORO'S HUGE RING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. T. ALEXANDER BARNES, F.R.G.S. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



"A VAST CIRCULAR BLISTER ON THE EARTH'S CRUST": THE MOUNTAIN-RINGED CRATER OF NGORONGORO, IN EAST AFRICA, 12 MILES ACROSS AND 35 MILES IN CIRCUMFERENCE—THE HOME OF 75,000 HEAD OF BIG GAME.

This volcano, which is practically unknown to Englishmen, is situated in Northern Tanganyika Territory. It has recently been explored by Mr. T. Alexander Barnes, whose plea for turning it into a National Park is appearing in the "African World." It forms the core of the volcanic plateau known as "The Land of the Great Craters"—a region that may be described as a counterpart of the moon's surface. Mr. Barnes describes Ngorongoro as "the largest unbroken crater in the world." It is said to contain fossil remains of dinosaurs. This volcano forms a vast circular

blister on the earth's crust, thirty-five miles in circumference, twelve miles in diameter, and two thousand feet deep. On the remarkable clover pasture surrounding a large lake formed in a depression of the crater floor are gathered together, it is computed, no fewer than 75,000 head of great game which never leave it. The numberless lions to be found there are described as "daylight lions," on account of their tameness and their habit of hunting in the daytime. Further illustrations (including the clover pasture) and particulars are given on the succeeding pages.

IN AND AROUND THE GIANT CRATERS OF TANGANYIKA:

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR.

AN UNKNOWN WONDERLAND IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.

T. ALEXANDER BARNES, F.R.G.S.



1. SO RICH IN PASTURE AS TO SUPPORT UNCOUNTABLE HERDS OF BIG GAME, WHICH NEVER PASS ITS 2000-FT. "RING-FENCE": PART OF THE GREAT NGORONGORO CRATER BEARING WILD CLOVER.



2. A VOLCANO OF PINK, WHITE, AND GREY DEPOSITS ON THE NORTHERN EXTREMITY OF THE



THAT RADIATE IN THE SUN: THE MOUNTAIN OF GOD, PLATEAU OF THE GIANT CRATERS.



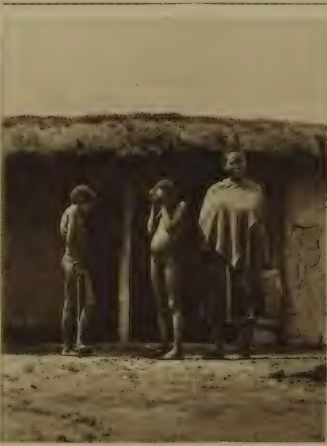
3. CLOTHED WITH AN EXTRAORDINARY WEALTH OF FLOWERS AND VEGETATION: A REGION HIGH UP IN THE ALPS OF THE GIANT CRATERS, IN THE TANGANYIKA TERRITORY.



4. WITH THE EXPLORER'S CAMP PITCHED AMONG HUGE EUPHORBIAS: THE NGORONGORO CRATER AND ITS LAKE (MAGAD), SHOWING THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE CRATER-RING IN THE DISTANCE.



5. CAMOUFLAGED FOR PROTECTION AGAINST BLOODTHIRSTY MASAI RAIDERS: A WAMBULU DUG-OUT IN A HILL-SIDE, AND VERY DIFFICULT TO FIND.



MASAI RAIDERS: A WAMBULU DUG-OUT IN A HILL-SIDE, AND VERY DIFFICULT TO FIND.



6. TRAVERSED BY MR. BARNES DURING HIS EXPLORATION OF THE HIGHLANDS OF THE GIANT CRATERS: THE WAMBULU COUNTRY, LOOKING NORTH OVER THE IRAKU PLATEAU.

Mr. T. Alexander Barnes, the well-known explorer and naturalist, whose remarkable photographs of gorillas shot near Lake Kivu appeared in our issue of February 18 last, and other Central African subjects in that of September 18, 1920, has recently published a new book, "The Wonderland of the Eastern Congo," describing his last expedition. He has since visited the Highlands of the Giant Craters—a remote volcanic plateau in the northern part of the Tanganyika Territory (late German East Africa), some seventy miles west of Mt. Kilimanjaro. The Germans maintained much secrecy about this region, owing, Mr. Barnes believes, to their having found there gold, diamonds, and valuable prehistoric animal remains. Since the "German East" campaign, Englishmen have been rediscovering the country. Mr. Barnes will lecture on the Giant Craters district during the coming winter. Regarding the above photographs he supplies the following notes: "(1) The Ngorongoro Crater contains within its circumference uncountable herds of big game, which never pass beyond its 2000-ft. 'ring-fence.' That an area 11 miles by 12 is able to support such a vast quantity of animals is accounted for by the fact that the natural pasture covering

the crater-floor is extraordinarily rich. The extent of clover here shown would lead one to believe that it had been cultivated by man. (2) The Mountain of God (of the Masai), on the northern extremity of the plateau of the Giant Craters, erupted during the war. This volcano positively radiates in the sun, being composed of pink, white, and grey deposits of saline mud and soda ash. (3) High up on the alps of the Great Craters. (4) The great Ngorongoro Crater and its lake, called Magad by the Masai. In the far distance can be seen the opposite side of the crater-ring. This photograph was taken from its western wall, and the camp of the expedition stands in the foreground among the euphorbias, which here grow to an exceptional size. (5) A curious 'dug-out' house of the Wambulu natives. These habitations, being dug into the hill-sides and roofed with clay and mud, upon which the grass grows, are extremely difficult to find, and afford the natives ample protection from the bloodthirsty Masai when on their raiding expeditions. (6) Looking north over the Iraku Plateau, or the Wambulu country." Other photographs by Mr. Barnes appear on the preceding and succeeding pages.

IN THE LAND OF THE GIANT CRATERS: LIONS; APES; MASAI "MORANS."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. T. ALEXANDER BARNES, F.R.G.S. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



1. RESULTS OF APE-HUNTING NEAR LAKE KIVU: A COLLECTION OF GORILLA AND CHIMPANZEE SKINS.



2. THE COMMISSARIAT SIDE OF TRAVEL IN TANGANYIKA: COOKED FOOD FOR THE NATIVE PORTERS.



3. EQUIPPED FOR LION-HUNTING WITH SPEAR AND SHIELD: A MASAI "MORAN" (WARRIOR).



4. CAUSING THE BELGIANS ANXIETY: RAKWATARAKA, A WATUZI CHIEF, OF RUANDA.



5. HOW DAVID KILLED GOLIATH: A WAGOGO WOMAN USING A SLING.



6. WHERE THE RATE OF EXCHANGE IS TWENTY FIBRE BRACELETS TO A FARTHING: THE "BUREAU DE CHANGE" AT A MARKET ON LAKE KIVU, RUANDA.



7. WITH A DEAD LION SHOT BY SIR CHARLES ROSS: A GROUP OF MASAI WARRIORS, WITH SPEARS AND SHIELDS, AFTER A SUCCESSFUL HUNT.

On his recent expedition in the Tanganyika Territory (illustrated also on the preceding pages), Mr. T. Alexander Barnes was accompanied by his wife, as well as by Sir Charles Ross and an American lady, Mrs. Dalziel, who joined the party for the big-game shooting. Mr. Barnes' notes on the above photographs are as follows. "(1) A collection of apes from the Kivu region—gorillas and chimpanzees. (2) Cooked food for the porters. (3) The Masai, a race of stock-raising nomads, wander over the highlands of the Giant Craters. They are one of the best-known warrior races of East Africa, and are greatly feared by other tribes.

They hunt the lion with spear and shield. This photograph shows a fine specimen of a Masai 'moran,' or warrior, as he stood with the Ngorongoro Crater as background, after a lion hunt organised by the expedition. (4) Rakwataraka, a famous Watuzi chieftain of Ruanda, where these natives are giving the Belgians a certain amount of anxiety at the present time. (5) A Wagogo woman using a sling. (6) The "bureau de change" at a market on Lake Kivu, Ruanda. Fibre bracelets at twenty for one farthing. (7) The end of a lion hunt. Two lions were driven out, and this one shot by Sir Charles Ross, of rifle fame."

Christ Church Oxford



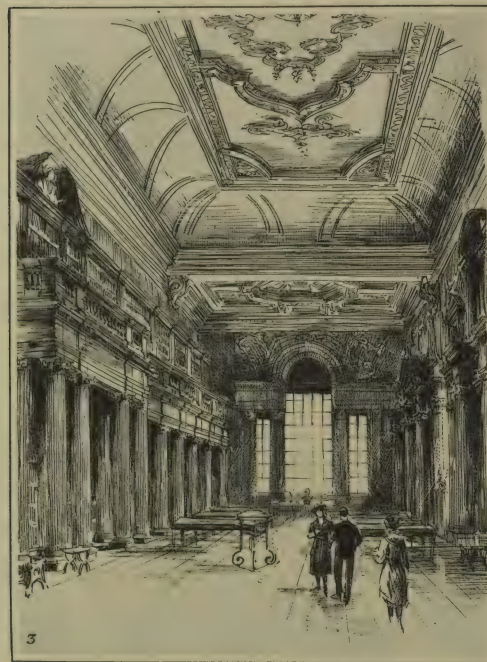
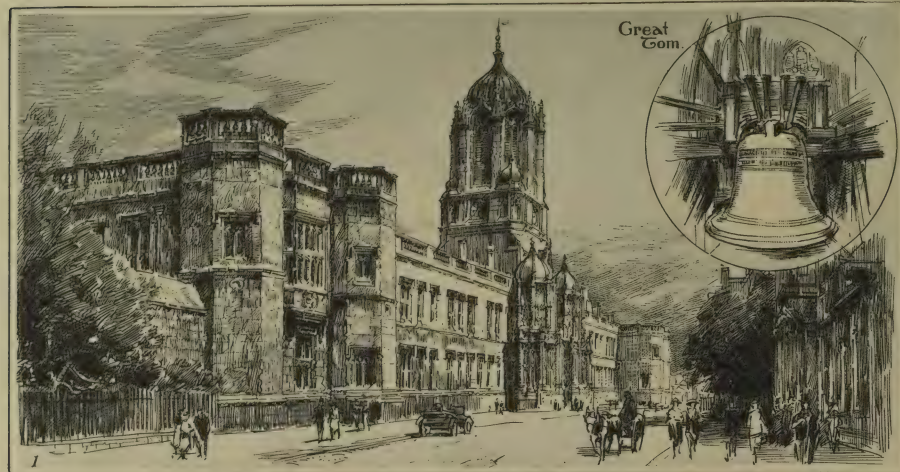
"THE HOUSE" AT OXFORD: (1) CHRIST CHURCH, FROM THE MEADOW; (2) THE HALL, THE FINEST IN THE UNIVERSITY. CONTAINING HOLBEIN'S PORTRAIT OF HENRY VIII.

Christ Church, commonly called "The House," is the largest college in Oxford. It was founded by Cardinal Wolsey in 1525, on the site of the Priory of St. Frideswide, whose suppression he had obtained, by a Papal Bull of Pope Clement VII., for the purpose of his new college, to which the revenues were diverted. The college was first known as Cardinal College, but after the fall of Wolsey (in 1530) Henry VIII. seized the revenues and renamed it after himself. In 1546 it was re-established, as it now exists, under the name of Christ Church.

The hall is the finest in Oxford, and contains a number of splendid portraits, including that of Henry VIII. by Holbein. Matthew Arnold, in "The Scholar Gipsy," describing a distant view of Oxford from the Cumnor Hills, speaks of "the line of festal light in Christ Church hall." Other drawings of the college by Mr. Brewer appear on a double-page later in this issue. Our readers will remember his recent illustrations of Eton, Harrow, and Winchester, which were given in previous numbers of this paper.

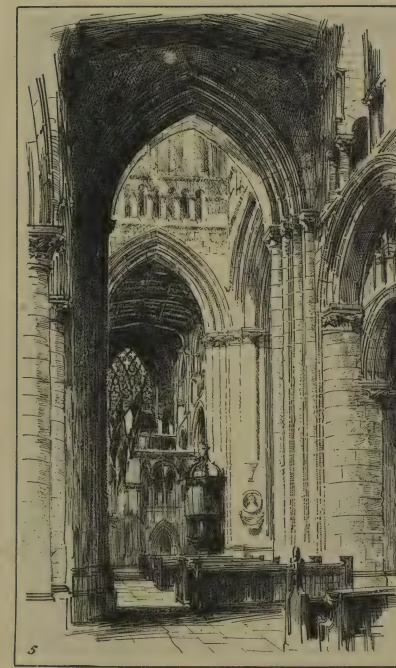
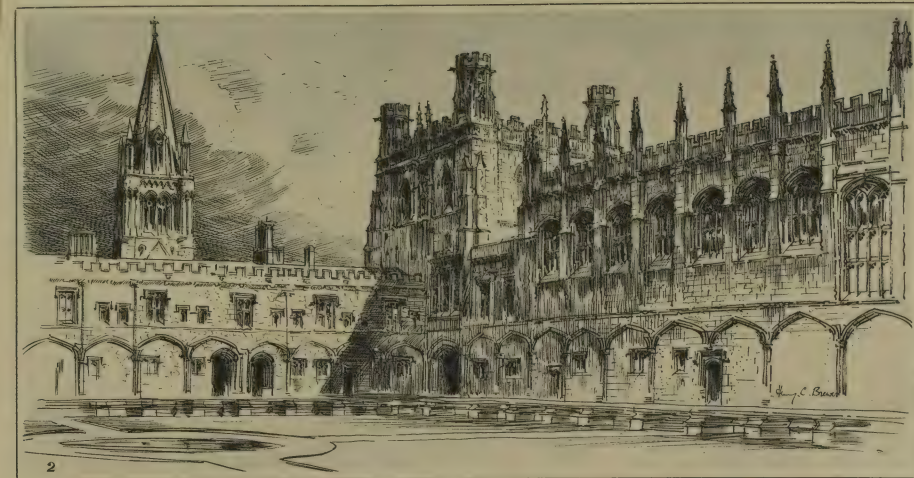
OXFORD'S LARGEST COLLEGE—CHRIST CHURCH, AND ITS

DRAWINGS SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY HENRY



CATHEDRAL: THE GREAT FOUNDATION OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

C. BREWER, R.I. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.—C.R.)



CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD: (1) THE WEST FRONT AND TOM TOWER; (2) THE TOM WITH ITS FINE FAN VAULTING; (3) THE LIBRARY; (4) THE STAIRCASE TO THE HALL.

The buildings of Christ Church were begun by Cardinal Wolsey, who, as mentioned on the previous page, founded the College in 1525. Many of them were completed in 1665 under Dr. John Fell, Dean of Christ Church. The following notes (partly by the artist) may be added regarding the above illustrations: (1) The tower was commenced by Wolsey and carried up to the first two storeys. The upper part was added by Sir Christopher Wren, and the great bell was placed in it. This bell (shown in the inset drawing) was called Great Tom, and the tower has since been known as the Tom Tower. Great Tom was removed from Osney Abbey and re-cast in 1680. It weighs 18,000 lb., and tolls a curfew, in the evening, of 101 strokes. (2) The Great Quadrangle,

QUAD. THE LARGEST IN OXFORD; (3) THE LIBRARY; (4) THE STAIRCASE TO THE HALL. OF THE CATHEDRAL; (6) PECKWATER QUAD.

or Tom Quad, is the largest in Oxford. To the right is the exterior of the Hall. The square tower was added in Dean Liddell's time, from the designs of Messrs. Bodley and Garner, and is (says Mr. Brewer) "undoubtedly the finest example of the art of the Gothic revival." (3) The Library was built in 1716. Among its treasures is the cardinal's hat worn by Wolsey. (4) The staircase leading to the hall is roofed with one of the finest extant examples of fan vaulting, dating from 1640; (5) The transept of the cathedral is part of the old Priory of St. Frideswide, and dates from the Transitional period. The building is at once the college chapel and the cathedral of the diocese of Oxford. (6) Peckwater Quad is named after an old hall that once stood there.

HOW THE DOG BECAME THE "FRIEND OF MAN": THE JACKAL AS THE FIRST DOMESTICATED ANIMAL.

A CAREFUL RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER, BASED ON NEOLITHIC REMAINS FOUND IN DENMARK AND SWITZERLAND, AND ROCK-PAINTINGS IN SPAIN. (COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.—C.R.)



PREHISTORIC ANCESTORS OF THE DOG: A CAPTURED JACKAL WITH HER LITTER AT A PROTO-NEOLITHIC CAMP—CHILDREN PLAYING WITH THE PUPPIES.

"The domestication of animals," writes Mr. Forestier in a note on his drawing, "dates back to the Neolithic period. The first to be tamed was the dog, and it is generally acknowledged that the jackal was the first of the dog genus that became the 'friend of man.' By his familiarity with encampments, round which he prowled in quest of food, he was gradually associated with the life of the tribe, if not attached to any particular individual. The remains of a rather small dog found in the Danish kitchen middens resemble those of others discovered in the old lake dwellings of Switzerland. It was of the jackal type, and an excellent watch-dog to give warning of the approach of enemies. These instances refer to the late Neolithic period, but it is evident that dogs of a larger

size were already at least semi-domesticated at the time of the Proto-Neolithic period, as proved by the Abbé Breuil from rock-paintings found in Spain, where these people appeared in Azilian times. The Neolithic invasion came from the East, and it is natural to suppose that the first experiments in dog-domestication occurred on the Asiatic plateaux before the migration which brought a new race of men into Europe at the close of Palaeolithic times. Our picture represents one of these Proto-Neolithic encampments on the Asiatic steppe. A very probable process of taming would consist in capturing a female with her litter. The puppies would grow accustomed from the first to close human surroundings, and the drawing shows children playing with them and making friends with them."

BUDDHISM BLENDED WITH DEVIL-WORSHIP: TIBETAN MONASTIC ART.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE LATE DR. A. L. SHELTON.

1.

TIBETAN religious art, as our photographs show, is remarkably picturesque, and has a character typical of that strange and superstitious country. The following account of the illustrations on this page has been supplied by an authority on the subject. (1) A Tibetan image of painted and gilt composition. If not a deified lama of local importance, this figure possibly represents Avalokitesvara Simhanada (the Lord with the voice of a Lion), whose distinctive emblem, the crescent moon, appears on his mitre. The right leg, pendent, with the foot supported by a small lotus, is a variation of the mystic *maharaja lila* pose, signifying "kingly ease." (2) A Tibetan monastic painting in tempera colours and gold on cotton fabric, with brocade borders, used as a Lamaist temple picture (*lanku*), representing the great reformer Tsonkapa (born 1355; died 1417) in his deified form,

[Continued in Box 2.



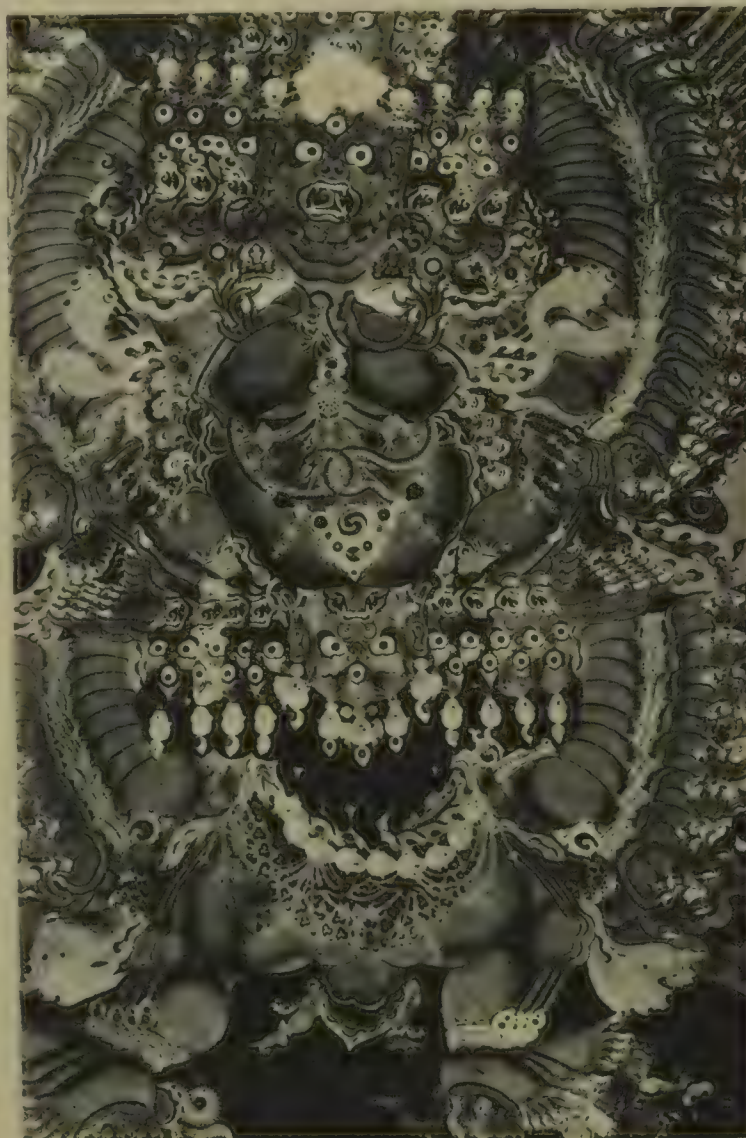
1. A VARIATION OF THE MAHARAJA LILA (KINGLY EASE) ATTITUDE: A PAINTED AND GILT IMAGE IN A RUINED TIBETAN LAMASERY.

2.

surrounded by scenes in his life. He is depicted seated on a lotus throne, with right hand in argumant (*vitarka mudra*) and the left holding the begging-bowl (*patra*). Beside his shoulders are lotus-flowers supporting the "sword of knowledge" and the "book of wisdom" (emblems of the Celestial Bodhisattva Manjusri, of whom the Saint is supposed to be an incarnation). Tsonkapa was the founder of the Yellow-Cap (*Gelugpa*) Sect—the Reformed Church of Lamaism, of which the existing Dalai-Lama is the "pope." (3) A painting in tempera colours and gold, of the monstrous type generally to be observed painted on or near the chief door of the temple or monastery in Tibet, representing a Tantrik form known as Dharmapala, or Choicong, a guardian deity of terrifying aspect (*Khro - wo*), possessing "a thousand eyes," whose energies are directed against the enemies of Lamaism.



2. THE FOUNDER OF THE YELLOW-CAP SECT, OF WHICH THE DALAI-LAMA IS "POPE": TSONKAPA; AND SCENES FROM HIS LIFE—A TIBETAN PAINTING.



3. WITH "A THOUSAND EYES" TO DETECT THE FOES OF LAMAISM: A GUARDIAN DEITY OF TERRIFYING ASPECT—PAINTED IN TEMPERA AND GOLD.

These interesting photographs of Lamaist art, like those of Tibetan prayer-wheels and other native customs given in our last issue, were taken by the late Dr. A. L. Shelton, who was a medical missionary in Tibet for seventeen years. Describing religious life there, he writes (in the "National Geographic Magazine" of Washington): "The Lamas are the monks or priests of Tibetan Buddhism, and live in great monasteries called lamaseres. Nearly every family in the country has at least one son who is a lama. . . . In the lamaseres is to be found whatever there is of art

in Tibet, most valuable objects eventually finding their way into the hands of the priests. . . . The strong hold which Lamaism has upon the Tibetans is due to the fact that the inhabitants of this mountain-rimmed country are perhaps the most religious people on earth. Their faith is nominally Buddhism, but in reality is more truly a veneer of Buddhism over the old Bon religion, a religion of devil-worship. They are exceedingly superstitious, believing in ghosts and in the daily interference of devils in their affairs."

INCARNATE IN EACH DALAI LAMA: TIBET'S CHIEF TUTELARY DEITY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LATE DR. A. L. SHELTON.



HOLDING HIS PARTICULAR SYMBOLS, THE PINK LOTUS, ROSARY, BOW AND ARROW, SACRED WHEEL, AND AMBROSIA VASE: THE ELEVEN-HEADED BODHISATVA AVALOKITA WITH THE "THOUSAND" ARMS—A TIBETAN IMAGE.

An authority on the subject of religious art in Tibet writes the following description of the remarkable figure shown in the above illustration: "This Tibetan (Lamaist) image, probably of gilt copper, is the eleven-headed manifestation of the Bodhisattva Avalokita with the 'thousand' (i.e., numberless) arms. He is represented standing on a lotus throne, holding in his principal hands his particular symbols—the pink lotus, rosary, bow and arrow, sacred wheel, and the ambrosia vase. Two of his hands are held against the breast in prayer; one is bestowing charity; and

the rest radiate around him, forming an aura. Avalokita, the principal tutelary deity of Tibet, is incarnate in every successive Dalai-Lama, and in the particular form shown here is 'the all-willing helper of suffering humanity.' Although popular in Northern India in the third century, his worship was not introduced into Tibet until the middle of the seventh century." It may be noted that only five heads are at first apparent. On closer inspection it will be seen that the first three have two profile heads attached, one on each side—making eleven in all.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

THE historian who declares frankly that he cannot claim to offer new material or break fresh ground puts himself somewhat at a discount nowadays; and, rightly enough, works based on original research bear the chief palm. Of the latter class a notable example was considered last week on this page, in the case of a book that rescued from oblivion the life of a British naval commander. But there is another side to the question. It is quite possible to write history without bringing forward documents previously unpublished, and yet to escape the charge of serving up a "re-hash." This is, perhaps, the most difficult task the modern historian can set himself. He starts handicapped. Critics of the severest school take up his book with some suspicion. Nothing but the highest skill of handling and the most striking freshness of view will persuade them that the work has any right to the honours of print. But, granted the skill and the fresh view, the old tale retold may take its place beside the best efforts of research. In point of execution, it may be an original contribution to its subject.

This literary feat has been performed in a book not quite new, but justly entitled to be included among "Books of the Day," for it is likely to be permanent. Being the story of a great soldier, it may very well follow our recent notice of a great seaman. The author, unfortunately, is no longer with us, and in him English history has lost a writer who promised still finer achievements. But he has left something that gives him his niche among military historians of the first rank. "THE WARS OF MARLBOROUGH" (2 vols.; Blackwell; 50s.), by the late Frank Taylor, was all but finished when the author died in 1913, at the age of forty. It has been prepared for publication by his sister, Miss G. Winifred Taylor, who has supplied references, bibliography and a general index. Miss Taylor's work is itself very remarkable, especially in the patient and laborious tracing of the references in the MS., in order that her brother's book might be as fully documented as loving toil could make it.

Taylor did not pretend to have broken fresh ground or to have discovered new facts. He admitted that the Life of Marlborough had been written many times and in a variety of styles, but he considered that there was "more than sufficient justification for writing it again." Of the existing biographies, he found that only two had treated the subject in an adequate manner. Archdeacon Coxe's work, "admirably thorough" so far as the period subsequent to 1702 is concerned, has been quite superseded by Lord Wolseley's, which goes no farther than that date. Taken together, the two books cover the entire field. Taylor's endeavour was to combine the main results of both authors' researches. It seemed to him "a desirable, if not a very ambitious enterprise." He sought, also, to produce a narrative which can be read without undue fatigue by the many who are not scientific students of history. In that he succeeded to admiration. But he did more. He managed to delight the general reader without alienating the scientific student. Of that the proof lies in the Introduction contributed by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue, who says that Taylor "has given us the best account that has yet appeared of John, Duke of Marlborough, as a director of war and as a commander in the field. . . . Now at last the greatest of British generals, as I personally hold him to be, seems likely to come by his own." A surpassing interest and merit of Taylor's book is its revelation of Marlborough's gift of personal charm which enabled him to win in council victories as important as those he won on the field. It gave him a power Cromwell and Wellington lacked.

Readers of these fascinating pages will be grateful to Miss Taylor for adding to the second volume a

Memoir of her brother. From his schooldays he had a passion for history. He read voraciously, he drew, and at the seaside made wonderful mediæval fortresses in sand. His sister began to realise that "this brother, when he was not teasing or making a noise, had it in his power to open a world of romance by means of sand and pen." To complete training of his gifts as a writer he came by a difficult path. By his own efforts he reached Lincoln College, Oxford; in 1894 he won the Newdigate, and in 1895 the Stanhope Essay on the subject of "The Regent Moray."



TO BE "TRANSPLANTED" FROM YORKSHIRE TO AMERICA: NORLAND HALL, A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE NEAR HALIFAX—BEFORE ITS RECENT DEMOLITION.

Worry consequent on family troubles cost him his First in Greats and the hope of a Fellowship. On leaving Oxford, he entered the Civil Service, and became private secretary to Mr. Gerald Balfour and to Mr. Runciman. In 1898 Taylor won the Chancellor's Essay Prize, "The Newspaper Press as a Power both in the Expression and Formation of Public Opinion," and in 1906 there was some word of a Fellowship, but he neglected to make formal application by a particular date, and nothing came



PULLED DOWN FOR TRANSFERENCE TO THE UNITED STATES: THE STONES OF NORLAND HALL SPREAD OUT ON THE SITE FOR SORTING AND NUMBERING. The American craving for English art treasures is not confined to pictures: it extends also to architecture and whole buildings. Norland Hall, an old Yorkshire mansion which has stood for five centuries overlooking Halifax and the Calder Valley, has been bought by an American, who is having it transported piecemeal to the United States, for re-erection there. Every stone had to be carefully numbered.—[Photographs by Topical.]

of the matter. By that time, having a secure position in life, he cared less for academic honours, but the incident, with its hint of even belated recognition by his University, "was a pleasant thing to him." About 1905 he began his "Life of Marlborough," which became his life, and entered largely also into the life of those with whom he lived. Miss Taylor gives us a charming glimpse of her brother's work-room—

It was a comfortable and pleasant place. The walls were lined with shelves filled for the most part with

old, dusty books picked up second-hand in Charing Cross Road or thereabouts—French memoirs, histories, a whole library of Marlborough authorities—while above was hung a medley of prints, pictures of the Duke and Duchess, of battlefields and sieges, of kings, princes, and princesses, and of famous captains and fair women of England, France and Flanders.

The books, fewer than Chaucer's Clerke of Oxenford's twenty, which Taylor kept "atte his beddes head" are significant. "Perhaps," says his sister, "his humanity and scholarship can be best appreciated from reading the titles of the small row of books which he chose to have over his bed. In these books—the Bible, the "Odyssey," the "Iliad," "Rabelais," "Westward Ho!" "John Inglesant"—he certainly would have said that he found those particular principles which coloured his thought, moulded his convictions, and are to be clearly traced in his interpretation of the character of Marlborough.

Taylor foresaw the war with Germany, and evidently intended his book to prepare his countrymen for the trial. He thought, however, that the contest would be short and sharp. He believed that by its very swift-modern war had become more humane. That view carries a curious irony to-day, when we review the long campaign in Mr. John Buchan's "HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR," the four-volume edition of which is now completed (Nelson; 25s. per vol.). The interest of this concluding volume centres chiefly in its appreciation of the work done by British soldiers in the last phase of the contest. The author lays particular stress on Lord Haig's services, which he sets in high relief. Haig's was the initiative that undertook the operation of breaking at one bound the Siegfried Line. "He bore the whole burden of it, and therefore to him belongs the full credit of what was destined to be one of the decisive actions of the war." The task had seemed so formidable that the British Government endeavoured for some weeks to dissuade Sir Douglas Haig from the attempt. Mr. Buchan does not in any way belittle Foch—he places him not far behind Napoleon; but it was Haig more than any other man that made the final conception of Foch possible. The history ends with an eloquent tribute to the young men who fell, and, adapting the phrase of Henry Vaughan, the author says they have become the shining spires of that City towards which we travel.

Mr. Buchan's History had a peculiar piquancy in its first appearance. To have in one's hands every few weeks a new volume containing full-dress history of a war still raging savoured somewhat of the precipitancy of modern journalism. But the work was sound and comes triumphantly to its library edition, which has the advantage of the author's careful revision. Mr. Buchan the historian is as irresistible as Mr. Buchan the novelist. Side by side with the last volume of his history appears this versatile author's new novel, "HUNTINGTOWER" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.), where fighting is not the least part of the business and romance is paramount.

Mr. Kipling's "Story of the Irish Guards" is announced by Messrs. Macmillan. Among the new books is

also "The Story of the First Life Guards" (Harrap; 1s. 6d.), written by Captain C. W. Bell, recently Education Officer to that corps. It is an admirably concise and graphic little account of the origin and service of that famous regiment, the title of which is now to disappear, with the merging of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards into one corps, to be known as "The Life Guards." Captain Bell carries down to January 1918 "a story made possible only by brave endeavour, unselfish service, eager obedience to the call of duty."

SAIL-PLANING IN ITS NEWEST FORM: GERMAN GLIDER RECORDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERLINER BILD-BERICHT AND PHOTOTHEK BERLIN.



THE START OF A GLIDE: THE DARMSTADT MACHINE, "EDITH," BEING TOWED INTO THE AIR AGAINST THE WIND BY GROUND-MEN WITH ROPES.



BREAKER OF HIS OWN RECORD BY A NEW FLIGHT OF OVER THREE HOURS: HERR HENTZEN BEING LAUNCHED IN HIS "VAMPYR."



WITH A "CAMP-STOOL" SEAT FOR THE PILOT: HERR FERDINAND SCHULZ IN HIS SELF-BUILT MACHINE, REJECTED BY THE COMMITTEE AS BEING UNSTABLE.



WITH A NICHE CUT IN THE PLANE FOR THE BACK OF HIS HEAD: HERR STAMER IN HIS GLIDER, HOLDING THE STEERING-ROD.



MAKER OF A WORLD'S-RECORD GLIDE WITH A PASSENGER: M. FOKKER IN HIS LARGE TWO-SEATER BIPLANE GLIDER.



LANDING AFTER HIS 13-MIN. WORLD'S-RECORD GLIDE WITH A PASSENGER: M. FOKKER (LEFT) AND HERR SEEKATZ, IN THE MACHINE.



HARDLY DISTINGUISHABLE FROM A FLIGHT BY A MOTOR-DRIVEN AEROPLANE: ANOTHER VIEW OF M. FOKKER'S GLIDER IN THE AIR.

Since the German glider flights over the Wasser Kuppe hills illustrated in our last number—where we mentioned that Herr Hentzen, of Hanover, had made a record by staying in the air over two hours, and M. Fokker had achieved a world's record of 13 minutes with a passenger—Herr Hentzen has beaten his previous achievement by remaining aloft for 3 hours and 10 minutes. M. Fokker, the Dutch aeroplane builder, uses a two-seater biplane glider that is much larger than any of the others. That of Herr Schulz, a schoolmaster of Waldensee, in East Prussia, was built by

himself. The technical committee of the Wasser Kuppe meeting would not pass it officially, as they considered it lacking in stability. The start of a glider flight is made from the top of a gentle slope. Ground-men run forward, drawing the machine by ropes, against the wind, which gives the wings an upward lift. The pilot then manoeuvres to prolong the flight by taking advantage of air currents. It is said that German pilots have their faces made sensitive by chemicals so as to cultivate a "bird-sense" of wind direction.

The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE.—"LAWFUL LARCENY."

WHEN "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," that delicious morsel of Parisian spice, was acquired for the English theatre, those who had seen or read the play wagged their wise heads. How was it to be done, if, after due reflection, it were done at all? How would the adaptor get over the exceedingly ticklish bed-room scene in the third act, and the—from an English point of view—all too fervent outburst of conjugal passion on the husband's part in the second? Surely the Censor would hold up his hand in veto, or swing the blue pencil with such vigour as to cut out the principal scene—*la scène à faire*, as they still call the crucial episode of a well-made play in Paris.

So we were a little apprehensive, and we were not at all sure that Mr. Arthur Wimperis—well known by his work in other spheres of the theatre—would be the right man to deal with play, plot, Censor, and all the rest of the possible obstacles in the way of success.

Then came the first night at the Queen's, and, after a little tameness at the start, when comparing notes, we found the French satire on the Vicomte who used his title to live gratis at first-rate hotels brilliant, and its equivalent in English laboured; but suddenly the atmosphere brightened towards the end, promising success and a long life. This happy result was due, first and foremost, to the central idea, and next to the fine acting of Mr. Norman McKinnel, Miss Madge Titheradge, and Mr. Hugh Wakefield. Let me add that the adaptor—who

mind not to lay her head on a charger: first, because she was not built that submissive way; next, because she really liked, at a first glance, this big, bluff American bully, and, with woman's wit, fathomed that with a little handling, trimming, massaging, the rough surface would uncover a kind heart (to say nothing of a docile husband). Wherefore she proposed to gain the day and her place by a grand game of bluff. If she failed, she would have the large sum per annum stipulated *ante-nuptias*; if she succeeded, the world would go very well. Of course, she became the mistress of the situation and of the man; and the scene of his surrender was full of charming palpitations. Now, the public loves nothing better than a man or a woman out for conquest for love's sake: to behold this—particularly when the end is easily foreseen—all means are permissible and acceptable. The more love you give them, as the great French author said, the better you will hit home. And that explains why the first-nighters liked the play; they did not mind the process for the sake of the purpose.

To revert to the acting: Miss Madge Titheradge was magnificent—a mixture of Marie Tempest and Irene Vanbrugh. Can you visualise what I mean?—the winsome *savoir faire* of the one and her telling smile; the attractive femininity of the other. She played just naturally, she never emphasised, and the merry twinkle of eyes and lips betokened all the time that she was playing a game, and knew how to play it. She has done nothing better for some years.

Mr. McKinnel was the husband, and it is no use Mr. McKinnel trying to be a Yankee (once Scotch, always Scotch)—nor did it matter. The main point is that he was lovable, with his defiant, aloof, gruff manner of the Aberdeen terrier; but, just because he is Scotch, he thinks he must begin by saying "no," when in his heart of hearts he means "yes." It was a delightful characterisation of what in life we call a "character." As for Mr. Hugh Wakefield's simpleton tame-cat, his masterly performance of the various phases of the rising wine-tide (including a little disrobing, which in less refined hands might have become unpleasant) was like a little chapter of Murger's "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème." All of us who have been (and have inwardly remained) young enjoyed it. And it has added immensely to Mr. Wakefield's reputation.

As crook plays go, the latest importation, "Lawful Larceny," has its moments. The *coup de théâtre* at the end of Act II., when the heroine, by way of revenge for the temporary alienation of her husband's affections, robs the safe of the vampire lady and skeddaddles, leaving the vampire's male companion (the Don Juan of the play) stuttering in amazement, "Good heavens! she also is a crook"—this sudden explosion after many palavers and alarms "hit us bang in the eye"! It may make the play, for we may be sure that everybody left the theatre proclaiming: "How awfully funny that end of the second act was!" Such sudden inventions cover a multitude of bare patches and coils of arid dialogue. Preceding this climax, there is another very clever scene, such as only an American dramatist could contrive: the blandishments of the perfect *roué* to make the spotless heroine believe that he really loves her. He pours into her ears such stuff as dreams are made on, and leaves the French *raisonneur* of the older school far behind. It is so 'cute, and so devilishly cunning and impudent, that

it makes the man of the world in the stalls gasp—as it does the heroine when he winds up with: "Well, you say nothing," the meaning of which defies description.

For the rest, the affair is a mixture of melodrama and sentimental moralising, which to us sounds as odd as the peculiar intonation of some of the actors. The method of some American acting when it is not of a hustling nature is strangely artificial and lifeless. Sometimes it is all sentimentousness, sometimes ebullient, as by machine-gun method. It may impress the casual playgoer, but the more critically inclined are tempted to find it funny when it attempts to be very serious indeed. The natural tone in such surroundings is as refreshing as the open air after a visit to a hothouse. And this natural tone we only heard, and relished, in the impersonator of the Don Juan villain of the play at the Savoy, Mr. Morgan Wallace. His was indeed a remarkable bit of comedy acting: quite out of the common, quite foreign (if I may put it so), but exceedingly

telling and entertaining. It was the incarnation of humorous effrontery—the conjurer's way in its most polished form. Whatever the actor said—and yards fell to his lot—went over, even if it was mere padding or grandiloquence. Personality combined with elocution turned a theatrical figure into something vital. If I were a young English player, I would study Mr. Wallace's style. It has just the vim and swing the absence of which all too often "lets down" comedy scenes in our theatre.



PIANIST, AND SON OF A GREAT CONDUCTOR: MITJA NIKISCH, TO BE HEARD IN LONDON ON THE 12TH. Mitja Nikisch is the son of the late Professor Arthur Nikisch, the famous conductor, and has had much success on the Continent as a pianist. He is to appear at the Promenade Concerts under Sir Henry Wood on September 12 and 20, and at the first of the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts on October 14.

Photograph by Hoenisch (Leipzig).



INNOCENCE AND A MERCURIAL TEMPERAMENT: JUNE AS ASPASIA AND MR. STANLEY LUPINO AS MERCURY, A MESSENGER BOY, IN "PHI-PHI," AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

Phidias (Phi-Phi), the celebrated Greek sculptor, has advertised for a model for his statue of Innocence. After various applicants have been rejected, Mercury, a Messenger Boy, brings forward Aspasia. The piece is an English version of the musical play which has had such a long run in Paris under the same title of "Phi-Phi."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

before the curtain so modestly said that he had only "tampered" with Alfred Savoir's play—deserves a fair share of the praise. As much as idiom and idiosyncrasies will allow, he has performed the transplantation with acumen and with taste. Cut out some of the detail in Act III., when the would-be *amant* in his cups gives an endless, if very cleverly executed, demonstration of alcohol, and after, and there is no fault to be found with the adaptation.

Now let us examine in rapid survey why this play, which is neither profound nor true to life, and superficially in places very improper (in the English sense of the word), escaped the fate of similar comedies. Why were we not shocked when the heroine, to tame her "shrewish" husband, resorted to the most risky of stratagems in a bed-room scene which, described, might seem unpleasant, yet, seen, merely leaves the impression of a capital practical joke? The answer is that the author knows how to tell his tale, and, for the nonce, the "naughtiness," as we call it, was palliated by *le bon motif*. Bluebeard had married eight wives; six he had already discarded by decree absolute, and one had obliged by premature departure; but number eight—a charming person, with her "head well screwed on"—had made up her



MISTAKEN FOR A DANCER: MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS TALBOYES, WITH MISS BINNIE HALE AS PAULINE DIPPER AND A COON BAND LEADER, IN "THE DIPPERS," AT THE CRITERION.

Henry Talboyes, a belated traveller who has missed his train at a village station, is mistaken for Hank P. Dipper, a dancer expected at a country house, to which Talboyes is driven in a car sent to meet Dipper. To help Mrs. Dipper, who is already there, he goes through with it, though ignorant of dancing. Above he is seen rehearsing with the leader of the coon band.

Photograph by Stage Photo, Co.

TO SLOW UP "BULLETS" LIKE LENGLEN'S PLAY: A NEW FILM CAMERA.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON AFTER ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."

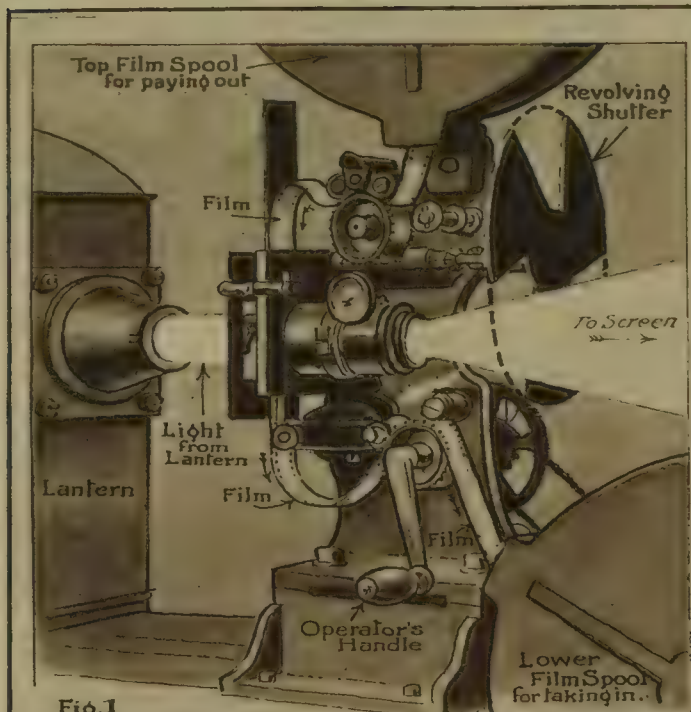
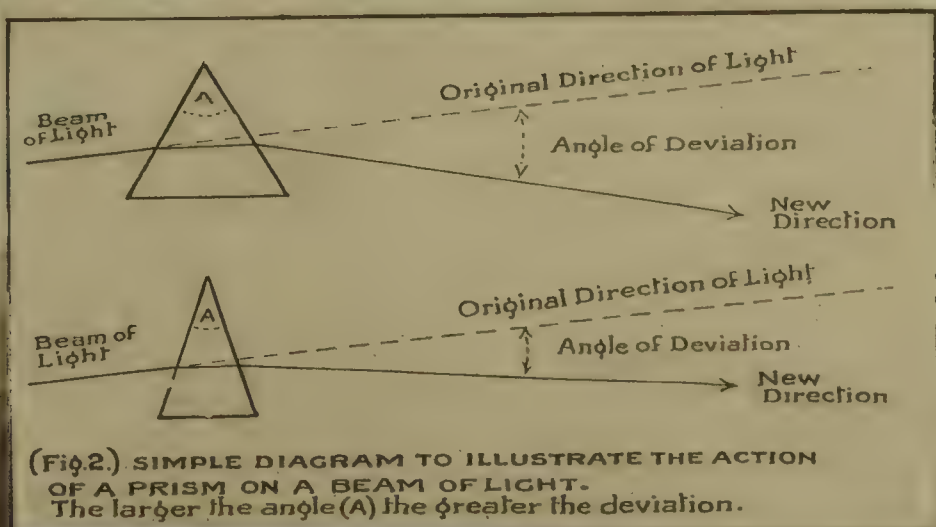
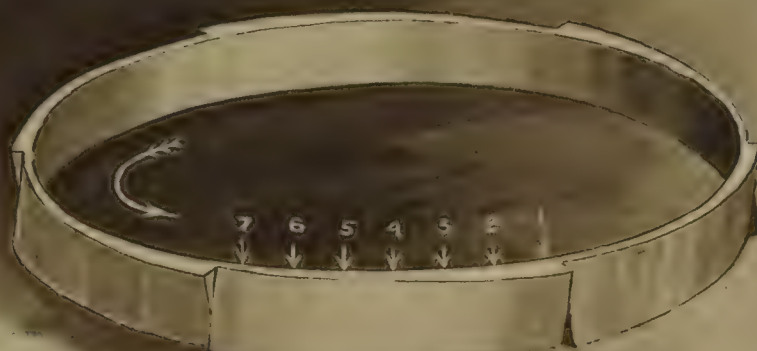


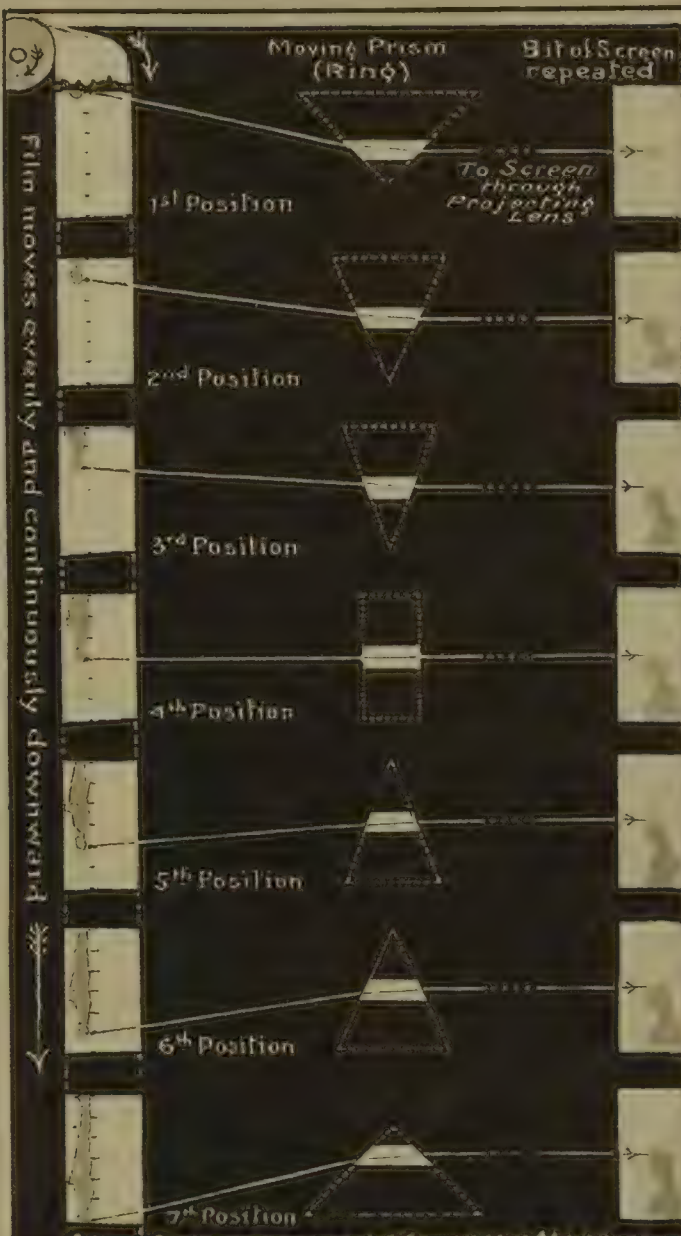
Fig. 1. INTERMITTENT MOTION.
Diagram showing detailed portion of an ordinary projector provided with shutters, closed half the time, and other intermittent motion mechanism common to this type of machine.



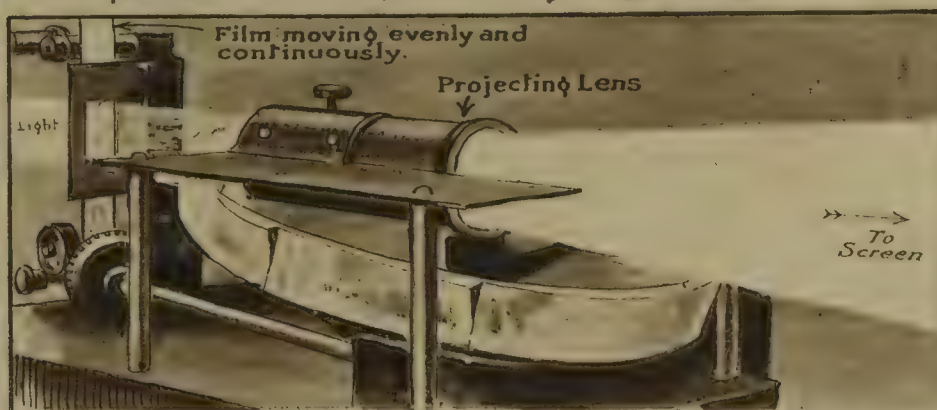
(Fig. 2.) SIMPLE DIAGRAM TO ILLUSTRATE THE ACTION OF A PRISM ON A BEAM OF LIGHT.
The larger the angle (A) the greater the deviation.



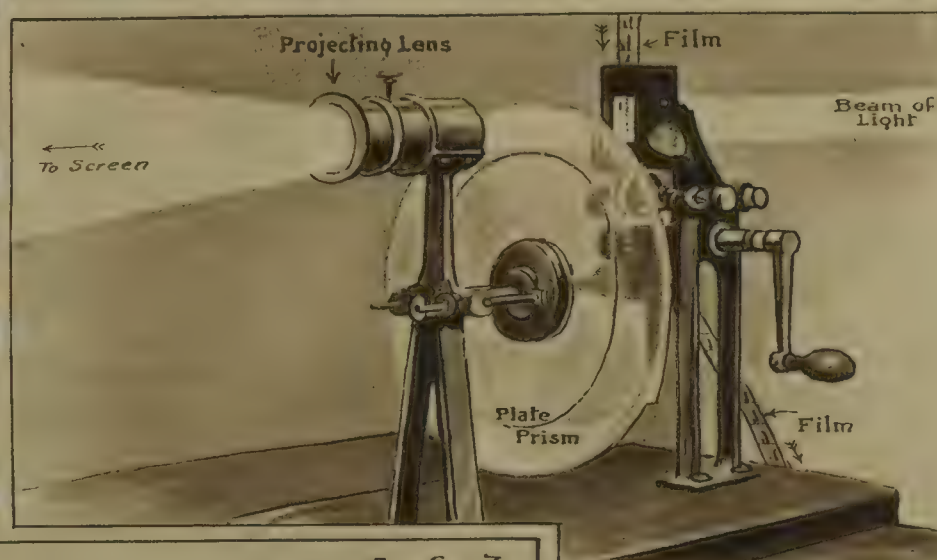
(Fig. 4.) DIAGRAM OF MULTIPLE PRISM RING.
Six prisms are included in this ring. The selected points marked 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 correspond to the seven positions shown diagrammatically in Figs. 3 and 3A.



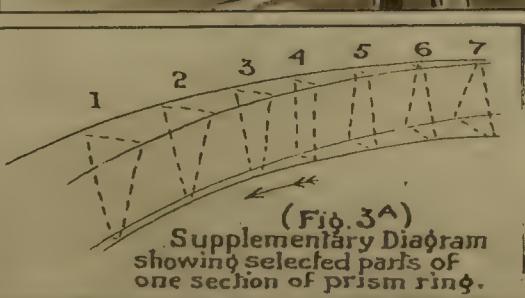
(Fig. 3) CONTINUOUS MOTION.
The above diagram shows how a selected part of a complete picture is kept stationary on the screen for the fraction of time taken by one section of the prism ring (see 1 to 7 on Figs 4 and 3A) to pass through the beam of light. The image of each film section thus remains stationary for a short interval of time although the film itself moves downward continuously. In the present prevailing system the film is kept stationary for this same interval of time. It is then jerked forward into its new position, this movement being masked by the solid sectors of the revolving shutter (see Fig 1).



(Fig. 5) THE JENKINS PRISMATIC PROJECTOR. The multiple prism ring here employed, is inclined so that the rays of light may only pass through the ring at one point.



(Fig. 6) DIAGRAM-Skeleton Model of new Prismatic Projector showing the revolving Plate Prism.



(Fig. 3A) Supplementary Diagram showing selected parts of one section of prism ring.

CAPABLE OF 200,000 PICTURES PER MINUTE, SO THAT SPEED MAY BE "SLOWED UP" 200 TIMES: A NEW CONTINUOUS MOTION PROJECTOR. (FIGS. 5 AND 6) COMPARED WITH ORDINARY INTERMITTENT MOTION (FIG. 1).

The ordinary slowing up of films, like that recently put on the screens of Mlle. Lenglen playing tennis, is familiar to cinema audiences. In order to be presented slowly, many more photographs are taken per second than is the case with life-speed films. The pictures are taken by "speed-cameras," some at the rate of 6000 a minute, and when projected on the screen at 1000 a minute, they show the action six times slower. "But," says Mr. C. H. Claudy, in the "Scientific American," in an article on which our illustrations are based, "six times slower

than normal is not slow enough for projectiles, gun-carriages recoiling, propellers revolving, and other rapidly moving objects." He goes on to say that Mr. C. Francis Jenkins, of Washington, originator of the intermittent motion, announces a "continuous motion picture camera and projector," and believes it possible to make 200,000 pictures a minute, which will slow up normal speed motion 200 times. The problem was solved by devising a new type of prism, and eliminating the shutter.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THERE is something very distinguished about a golden wedding. Many women achieve a wedding, a fair number a silver one, but the golden bride is a much rarer personage. On the 24th of next month the Duke and Duchess of Wellington will celebrate their golden wedding anniversary, and the Duchess will be distinguished in every way as a fifty-years wife, as a splendid mother, and as a handsome woman. She was Miss Kathleen Emily Bulkeley-Williams, granddaughter of Sir Robert Williams, the ninth Baronet, of Penrhyn, Carnarvonshire. Mrs. Benjamin Guinness—who, like the Duchess, has artistic talent—is of the same family, and is a half-sister of the present Baronet. The Duke, who was long known as a crack rifle-shot, succeeded his brother in 1900. He commanded a battalion of the Grenadier Guards, in which regiment all but one of his sons have served.

The first break in the Wellesley family was the death in action of Lord Richard Wellesley; the second came early this year in the death of the eldest daughter, Lady Evelyn James, for which reason Apsley House has been closed through the season. The Duke and Duchess live at Ewhurst Park, Basingstoke, where the Duchess, being an enthusiast about flowers, is deeply interested in the gardens. The Marquess and Marchioness Douro live at Strathfieldsaye, one of the gifts of a grateful nation to the great Duke when he had conquered the bogey of Europe, "Boney," as the great Corsican was familiarly known. The rental of Strathfieldsaye, one of the finest places in Berkshire, is a silken Union Jack presented annually by the reigning Duke to the King on the anniversary of Waterloo. Lady Douro is the elder sister of Lord Glentanar, and so well off that it is possible for her and her husband to keep up Strathfieldsaye, which was not possible for his father and mother. Their son, the Earl of Mornington, was ten on July 14 last. His only sister, Lady Anne Wellesley, is two years his senior. Lord Richard Wellesley, who was killed in

action in the war, left two daughters. Lord and Lady Gerald Wellesley have a son and a daughter, and Lord and Lady George a son, so the Duke and

quite out of date. Respect for titles or for rank, as such, was never greater than now. The classes among whom money is at present circulating most freely are tuft-hunters of the most pronounced type. If a man or woman have a title, even if they are known to be quite unworthy of it, they are toadied to and made much of. As to kings, princes, and governors, there has been a perfect orgy of kow-towing to them at Deauville. This particular kind of respect for handles disgusts those who are really personages, and sends them to quiet retreats and places that have no attractions for those who love the high-sounding title and care not a jot what the man or woman who bears it is like. I believe one reigning monarch, who was the cynosure of all eyes at Deauville, was immensely amused, greatly pleased that his Queen was not with him to be stared at in walking and sitting, in eating and talking, in driving and riding, and found, even on his own account, that a short visit was quite long enough. It is, of course, quite the thing to return to one's immediate circle and talk much of the great. It is the newest form of snobbery, and is akin to, but differentiated from, what Thackeray was said to have almost extinguished by sarcastic ridicule.

A girl just back from Cork tells me it looked to her like a new city, for the most of it was destroyed. If that is not an Irish version of a new city, where will you find one? This girl—she is a waitress by profession, and a very excellent one—belongs to Cork, and went home for her holiday. I told her she was very brave. "Not a bit," said she; "the Free Staters wouldn't hurt a fly if it wasn't a Republican." She didn't say how they found out the difference in the flies, and it would apparently not do at all to be a Republican insect. She was very sad about Michael Collins, whose chief merit in her eyes was a series of real or chimerical hair-breadth escapes from the British Government, which constituted him a great hero. "But," she finished up, "even a clever man like him couldn't get away from the Irish!" Pride of race was curiously mixed up with partisanship, and so it is with most of her class in that, now, undoubtedly distressful country.

(Continued on page 406.)



CARRIED OUT IN BROWN VELOURS: A BECOMING COAT-FROCK FOR A MATRON, FROM DICKENS AND JONES.

This becoming coat-frock is specially designed to suit the matron. It is carried out in a brown velour, and trimmed with braid of the same shade.

Duchess will have several grandchildren to celebrate their golden wedding with them. There is no one who will not accord this golden ducal bridegroom and bride good wishes, for both are most popular. The Duke is a Grandee of Spain, and the Queen of Spain is godmother to his grandson, Lord Mornington.

We are promised—I incline, rather, to write threatened—with a new kind of monkey fur which is to be very fashionable in late autumn and winter. I admit to prejudice against monkey fur, which always suggests to me the hirsute appendage of rather dilapidated goats, and, as beasts for the enhancement of beauty, I have no use for either goats or monkeys. However, fashion has approved monkey fur—albeit in a moderate degree—and the new kind is said to be very pretty in very clearly defined black-and-white, and comes from Samoa; so possibly we shall see more of it than of the thin fringe of straight hair which invariably made me see in my mind's eye a goat, and even in imagination sense his somewhat high flavour on the surrounding air. The new monkey fur will be scarce and expensive, in such ways finding favour in beauty's eyes. It is one of the amiabilities of the lady of fashion to prize specially that which other women have not got.

American women long ago imbibed a contempt for British women's ways of dressing, and have not yet quite lost it. Told by a particularly nice one that we were wearing what they in America had worn two years before, I blushed to remember that I was wearing what I had worn five years before. However, national respect was restored by the timely advent of two remarkably smart friends in their very latest and nicest. As they not only know how to dress, but are mistresses of the more difficult art of wearing their dress extremely well, the lead-of-two-years air was quite taken from the sails of my Transatlantic friend, who, a little later, said, "My! I take that all back. If our smartest Americans can look like those ladies two years hence, they will do well!"

There are a great many people who nowadays pride themselves on showing no respect for titles or for rank, and will affirm that any such feelings are



DECORATED WITH BLACK VELVET STRAPS, EDGED WITH ROYAL-BLUE CHENILLE: AN INEXPENSIVE NAVY-BLUE COAT-FROCK.

Navy-blue gabardine is the material from which this fascinating coat-frock is built. It boasts original adornment in the shape of black velvet straps, edged with navy-blue chenille, and is one of Dickens and Jones's inexpensive models.



FINISHED WITH A LONG ROLL COLLAR OF GREY CRÊPE-DE-CHINE: A BLACK FACE-CLOTH COAT-FROCK FROM DICKENS AND JONES.

The lines of this coat-frock—which is designed to meet the needs of the matron—are specially graceful. It is carried out in a delightfully soft black face-cloth, and provided with a long roll collar in a pretty shade of grey crêpe-de-Chine.

IN THE LAND OF THE TURKOMANS :

A VAST FRENCH ORGANISATION IN CENTRAL ASIA.

The romance of the Fur Trade, when it is written, will make a fascinating story. As it is, now and again there come to hand narratives of the adventures and perils constantly encountered by those engaged in it. Messrs. REVILLON FRÈRES, whose fur-collecting stations, established for many years, not only penetrate the remotest parts of Canada, but also the lonely steppes of Siberia, make it possible to give the following interesting extracts from the diary of one of their pioneers in Central Asia.

Boukhara.
May 28. Zabieha arrived this morning with 6 *arbas* (carriages) and as many camels, loaded with over 5000 Persian lamb-skins. He had a very rough journey from Karchi onwards; sand-storms en route and very

heat is not so intense, but the scenery quite as monotonous; an endless succession of sand hills being the only feature of the landscape. The *arba* frequently takes a dangerous angle on these hills, while the driver, sitting on the horse, with his feet on the shafts, mournfully chants an everlasting dirge. The red sun slowly sinks to the horizon; light clouds, fringed with purple, gather westwards, announcing wind for to-morrow. Gradually the shadows darken, and a narrow crescent moon affords the only light on our way to the next inn where we are to spend the night.

June 1. A strong wind is blowing; heavy clouds of sand assail us as soon as we start. We shan't get very far to-day. In spite of our thick muslin veils, in which we look like *Tarqui*, we are blinded by the tiny grains of sand that penetrate everywhere. We reach the resting-place after a long and tiring march, and our food (well mixed with sand) sets our teeth on edge. Moreover, the water tastes slightly of magnesia, and our tea is not particularly good. On the whole, a bad day.

June 2. Day breaks; no wind and a cloudless sky; so after breakfast we make a cheerful start. After an hour's riding our *arbackeche* (guide) announces that he has lost his way. The track is no longer visible after

us, with all the men of his family. He looks every inch a chief with his sheepskin cap. Every man is clad in a dark *khalat* with red stripes. As soon as we get off our horses we are taken to the *yourte* which has been reserved for us. It is an unpretentious circular abode,



"LIKE A HUGE MOLEHILL": A TURKOMAN "YOURTE" OR DWELLING.

little water. Men and beasts are dead tired, but it is most important to start again at once for another part of the country. I received this morning news from Zeinall, our Persian agent in the South, who is collecting skins in the *aouls* (villages). He needs money, and as the Turkomans will have nothing to do with cheques or banknotes, we must secure gold or silver; Russian roubles, Persian "krans," or Sartan "tillas." A somewhat risky job to travel through the desert with such a dangerous cargo!

May 29. Everything is ready. We shall leave Boukhara to-morrow morning for Tardjoui. There we shall equip a small caravan, *arbas* and horses, and then, unless the unexpected prevents us, we hope within three or four days, after crossing part of the Karakum Desert, to reach our destination.

May 30 (Night). We are ready: an *arba* and four riding horses make up the caravan. We have purchased provisions sufficient for a five-day journey. We all look most Oriental in appearance: Said Riza and Oumouche wear their usual Eastern dress; Zabieha and myself thought it best to adopt the gaudy *khalat* and *tchalma* (white turban) of Mahommedans. It is probable that, under such a disguise, we shall attract less attention when we meet other caravans on the road; and the less the better.

May 31 (4 a.m.) We start in good spirits, and soon leave behind the primitive civilisation of new Tardjoui. The trees get scarce, tiny bushes are seen instead, and then the oasis is gone and we are right in the desert. The sun is high in the sky, the air is most oppressive; gradually everybody stops talking, and we ride in silence along a track where no sound is heard but that of the muffled tread of the horses or the shrieking of the wheels of the *arba*. We ride straight towards the South. At about 11 a.m. we reach a half-ruined inn, where we stop to allow the horses to rest, and to partake of an extempore lunch. A sleepy old attendant brings water; the horses are refreshed;



ACROSS THE CENTRAL ASIAN DESERT: THE CARAVAN ROUTE.

yesterday's gale. Oumouche and Said Riza, dispatched as scouts, return in a quarter of an hour reporting the presence of a Tzigane caravan, which we see approaching about one kilometre ahead. It is too late to change our route, so we must take our chances; moreover, we are well armed. We pass the first foremost, regular Mongols, with sunken eyes and rather fierce features under their sheepskin hats. Then comes the long line of camels, some loaded with most extraordinary luggage, others carrying women and children, clad in gaudy, tattered clothing. Finally the rearguard, composed of a few horsemen, whom we stop, ready for anything, and whom we ask for information about our road. We shall find it, they say, a few versts westwards. We don't prolong the interview, and Zabieha gallops off to see whether the information is correct. Soon we see him on the top of a mound, directing us towards the road.

June 3 (4 a.m.) All is going well. Our guide says we shall reach the end of our journey before noon. My horse is somewhat lame—probably overworked, for we have ridden over 150 versts during the last three days. At about 10 a.m. a few tamarisks and *karagachs*, and on the horizon a dozen *yourtes* that look like huge molehills, tell us that we are nearing the goal. At 11 a.m. we enter the *aoul*. The village chief (who will, by the way, be our host) comes to meet



A CARAVAN HALTED AT THE EDGE OF THE DESERT.

7 feet high, constructed of wood and reed lattice, and covered, both walls and roof, with felt. Chimneys it has none, a hole to allow the smoke to get out sufficing. Inside are piles of blankets, which, spread on the rammed-earth floor, will make us a soft bed for the night.

First of all, we have a good wash and a little rest. At about 2 p.m. our hosts call us to partake of their meal, composed of an excellent pilaff, which we honour in the Oriental way—namely, everybody sitting around the dish and helping himself with his hands: spoons, forks, and plates are unknown here. Then we drink a few glasses of tea and start talking business and the night falls, and we are still bargaining. Fortunately, in the Steppes late hours are not kept. When it is quite dark we leave our hosts, reach our hut, and soon afterwards the silence of the night is only broken by a deep snore, the barking of dogs, or the yelping of a stray jackal.

June 4. Yesterday's discussion has borne fruit. This morning, our Turkomans came to us in a better frame of mind, and before the morning is over we have definitely closed the deal with them. We open our bags, and our friends check most carefully the sums we hand over, which are immediately put away in strong boxes safely hidden away from the inquisitive. Then, business being over, we have to start another feast; the fragrance of roasted mutton is in the air, and we eat a luxurious meal of chicken, mutton, rice, and tea.

Our hosts' children lose some of their shyness, and, after much hesitation and many grimaces, allow us to photograph them. A little girl even, answering to the melodious name of Kohlbibi, does not object to being photographed alone; but to obtain this result a good many sweets and a necklace, which our friend Zabieha was fortunate enough to bring with him, were required. The festivities closed by a gramophone grinding out Russian and native songs.



THE DAUGHTER OF A TURKOMAN HOME: "MISS" KOHLBIBI.

June 5. To-morrow our caravan will be ready to return northwards with its valuable cargo. In a few days' time we shall be back in Boukhara, where we hope to find letters from France awaiting us.



IN A VILLAGE, OR "AOUL": TYPICAL TURKOMANS.

and Zabieha hastens to make us an excellent cup of tea, which we thoroughly relish. It is dreadfully hot outside, and we quite enjoy the comfort of the only room of the neglected inn, with its low, rickety couches. At 3 p.m., after a short nap, we start again. The

CAN ANIMALS REASON?*

MR. WILLIAM T. HORNADAY, Director of the New York Zoological Park, believes that the answer is in the affirmative. He bases his conclusions on the personal observations of forty years, and hints that he finds wild animals more rewarding as subjects for study than human kind. To the contemplation of these creatures he surmises that the English-speaking world perhaps will turn with a sigh of relief, in days when at times it looks as if the Caucasian really is played out. "In comparison with some of the alleged men who are now cursing this earth by their baneful presence, the so-called 'lower animals' do not seem so very 'low' after all." Now, he considers, is the appointed time to study them, "before the bravest and the best of the wild creatures go down and out under the merciless and inexorable steam-roller that we call Civilisation."

These be bitter words, but after he has got them off his chest Mr. Hornaday becomes, on the whole, genial, and has written an entrancing book. He finds the great apes, and particularly the chimpanzees and orang-utans, the most interesting subjects for psychologic study of all the wild animal species he knows. He tells an amazing story of Dohong, a male orang at the Zoological Park, who "discovered or invented, as you please, the lever as a mechanical force—as fairly and squarely as Archimedes discovered the principle of the screw." The day on which he found out that he could break the one-and-a-half-inch horizontal bars that were held out from his cage on cast-iron brackets was for him a great day. He used a broken bar as a lever. "When the bars were replaced by others of heavier make he was nonplussed for a little; but in an evil moment the ape swung his trapeze

* "The Minds and Manners of Wild Animals." By William T. Hornaday. (Scribners; 12s. 6d.)

bar, of two-inch oak, far over to one side of his cage, and applied the bar as a lever inside of the horizontal bar and from above. One by one the new brackets gave way. Then began a long fight between the authorities and the orang. Still stronger brackets fixed by stronger screws all went down before Dohong's victorious lever, which he applied most scientifically, as Mr. Hornaday's diagram shows. If this was not reason, it was a colourable imitation of the same. It was no vicious act; merely a delight in power. Dohong always worked "with the utmost good-nature and cheerfulness."



A SEQUEL TO THE HAVRE RIOTS: FRENCH CAVALRY GUARDING THE CEMETERY DURING THE FUNERAL OF THE MEN WHO WERE KILLED.

During the riots at Havre (illustrated in our last number), resulting from a strike of metal-workers, the police fired on the crowd, and three men were killed. Two of them were strikers, named Henri Lefebvre and Charles Counet, and the third an onlooker, Georges Alain, a shop assistant aged twenty-two. Troops were on guard at the funeral. The attempt to organise a twenty-four-hours protest strike in Paris failed, but the Havre strike continued, some 30,000 men remaining idle.—[Photograph by Topical.]

Mr. Hornaday quotes, as an instance of original thought the case of the gorilla John, owned by Major Rupert Penny and trained by Miss Alyse Cunningham. John, it will be remembered, had a period of fame in London. One day, when Miss Cunningham was dressed to go out, John wished to sit on her lap. Her sister said, "Don't let him. He will spoil your dress."

Accordingly she pushed him away and said, "No." John lay on the floor and cried like a child, for about a minute. "Then he rose, looked round the room, found a newspaper, went and picked it up, spread it on my lap, and climbed up. This," says his trainer, "was quite the cleverest thing I ever saw him do." The incident is authenticated by four witnesses.

The author gives comparative tables showing his estimate of animal intelligence and ability. Out of a possible 1000 marks, he awards the chimpanzee 925, the orang 850, and the Indian elephant 850; but the two last are not counted equal in intelligence. Although

the totals coincide, the elephant receives only 50 marks for Keenness of the Senses to the orang's 100, so in a general estimate he ranks third from man in mental capacity. The tables are interesting, but of doubtful scientific value. They represent "the author's information and belief," but he risks something when he gives notice that "correspondence regarding the reasons for these estimates is impossible." But if his system remains veiled, he is properly alive to the need for caution. Regarding the mentality of birds, he says, "Let us all be wary of recording hallucinations. It is better to see nothing than to see many things that are not true." He has been strictly scrupulous about the narratives based on his own personal observations.

In an inviting chapter on "The Mental and Moral Traits of Bears," the author finds the bear next to the apes and monkeys in demonstrativeness. The average bear is proficient in the art of expression. To facial and bodily expression he adds his voice, which varies with his mood. Another most suggestive section of

the book discusses "Wild Animal Criminals and Crime," and gives extraordinary instances of the crime-producing passions, which are more sharply developed in captivity than in a state of nature. Several of the stories seem to indicate actual premeditation of murder and cunning devices to put keepers and cage-mates off their guard.

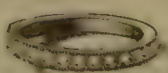
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"EAST OF SUEZ," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

SPECTACLE presumably we must have at His Majesty's because of its large stage, not to speak of its large auditorium. But if that must be so, if this theatre must continue to provide, as it were,



DEMANDING HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND: A MEETING AT THE MONUMENT TO WILLIAM WALLACE AT ELDERSLIE, HIS BIRTHPLACE.

Many Scottish mayors and provosts attended a recent meeting held at the Wallace Monument at Elderslie, near Paisley, Renfrewshire, to demand Home Rule for Scotland, which, it was declared, Wallace himself had stood for. He was born there, probably about 1272. Among the principal speakers was Major William Murray, M.P. (Co. U.) for Dumfriesshire.—[Photograph by Topping, Glasgow.]

personally conducted tours to the East, then it is well that the showman should be so conscientious and accomplished a playwright as Mr. Somerset Maugham, that the spectacle should be associated with genuine drama which handles a subject of world-wide interest—mixed marriage—in scenes which have sequence, climax, and tense emotion. Call "East of Suez" romantic melodrama if you will (and no doubt it is that), it none the less is a play, and a play the story of which would be just as effective and moving were it docked of its gorgeous stage pictures. They may be, perhaps are, essential to a long run; Mr. Basil Dean, as producer, knows his public and

its craving for "realism"; and his opening Peking street scene, so full of colour and movement though not a word of intelligible dialogue is spoken; his episode of a Buddhist temple service, and the glimpse he gives of a Manchu wedding, are all of them aesthetically satisfying. But Mr. Maugham's play could do without such "atmosphere"—yes, even without the delightful Chinese interiors or the clever music of Mr. Eugene Goossens—and to say that is to pay the best possible tribute to the craftsmanship of the playwright and the sincerity of the acting. In the matter of the acting there are two outstanding performances. One comes from Miss Marie Ault in the rôle of an inscrutable-seeming native woman, who, as she haunts the stage with her opium-pipe, has many droll things to say in her pidgin-English, but is really a monster of wickedness, though the heroine's mother. Catch, however,

the right tone for this character from the start, as Miss Ault does, and the rest is easy sailing. Miss Meggie Albanesi as the passion-tossed half-caste heroine has a far more difficult problem to tackle: she has to suggest mixed race, the struggle of two cultures, an experience with several lovers. The girl she impersonates has been educated in Eng-

land, but was sold by her mother when but seventeen to a Chinaman and lived for years as his mistress; and, thus spoilt, she deceives the honest Englishman who makes her his wife and drives to suicide another Englishman who, having once been snatched from her arms, succumbs again, despite his better judgment, and repents quickly, but too late. Hers, then, is a languorous, unsatisfied, love-hungry type, hunting down the man she wants;

resisting violently the Chinaman whom she is once more, we feel, doomed to join; bored with the good man she has rashly married; and sufficiently Oriental to give a half-consent to her mother's baulked schemes for killing her husband. That Miss Albanesi is able to realise such a type, to tackle successfully and convincingly the storms of emotion through which she passes, is plain enough indication of how far in art and temperament she out-tops most of the young actresses who are her contemporaries. Hers is the emotional triumph, as Miss Ault's is the comic one, at His Majesty's. There is other good work—from Mr. Basil Rathbone as lover; Mr. Malcolm Keen as the husband; Mr. C. V. France as the sinister Chinaman; and Miss Ursula Millard makes of an English rosebud of a girl a piquant foil to the heroine. But Mr. Maugham and his two leading actresses really do the trick; and though you can pick holes in his tale, and it is told, so to say, from the outside rather than from the inside, you will not quarrel with its outlines.



A SCOTTISH WAR MEMORIAL UNVEILED BY GENERAL SIR CHARLES FERGUSSON, BT.: THE GATEWAY OF THE NEW VICTORY PARK AT MUIRKIRK.

The gateway is inscribed: "In loving memory of the Muirkirk men who fell in the Great War." It was designed by Mr. J. Montgomerie Pearson, and forms the entrance to the new Victory Park. Our photograph shows Major-Gen. A. Brown Lindsay reading the names of the fallen, who numbered eighty-nine.—[Photograph by Topping, Glasgow.]

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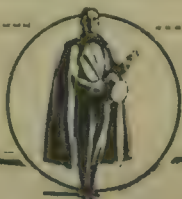
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(Continued.)

The Prince of Wales is going a-hunting in the "West Countree," and has taken Mrs. Graham Smith's place, Easton Grey, in Wiltshire, for the coming season. His Royal Highness will hunt chiefly with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, of which there are two packs, one male, one female; so hunting goes gaily several days a week. The sport is always first-rate. The Duke, as Master, has not ridden since his last accident, but directs affairs from a two-seater, which his truly wonderful knowledge of the working of hounds and of the country makes quite feasible. Easton Grey has been the home of Mrs. Asquith's sister since her marriage in 1879 to the late Mr. Thomas Graham Smith, and it was some years ago the scene of a disastrous fire. The Prince's stud will be comfortably established there, and he can entertain some friends, for the house is large and well equipped.

The Duke of Beaufort's only son, the Marquess of Worcester, is now in his twenty-third year, and an officer in the Royal Horse Guards. He is a fine sportsman for his years, and began being Master of a pack of harriers, given to him by his father, early in his 'teens. The elder daughter of the ducal house is the young widow of the late Earl of St. Germans, and has two little daughters, one in her third and one in her first year. Lady Diana Somerset, the unmarried daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, is a notable sportswoman, although her years will be only twenty-four on the 12th inst. She inherits her sporting instincts from both sides, for the Duchess, as Miss Harford and as Baroness Carlo de Tuyl, was well known for her prowess in the field. Lady Diana, with the assistance of the huntsman, carried on for a short spell in the Duke's unavoidable absence, and was said to have done very well. The uniform of the Beaufort Hunt, dark-blue with buff facings, is one of the best known in England.

The absorbing question of school outfits for the autumn term is exercising the minds of many mothers at the present moment. For those who live in the country, the purchase of school equipment is often an irksome business, entailing visits to town, and much time

spent in shopping, which could, according to the youngsters, be employed more profitably at home in making the most of the last few days before

outfitting, Samuel Brothers, of Oxford Circus and Ludgate Hill, who are responsible for the school suit, costume and overcoat sketched on this page.

The "Mayfair" suit pictured on the left can be had in a variety of excellent materials at prices ranging from 3 guineas for a size suitable for a boy of twelve. The price of the navy-blue serge "Daphne" costume for girls, with its useful pockets and long tie-belt, is 55s. 9d.; while the double-breasted "Bolton" overcoat on the right, carried out in cheviot overcoatings and blue naps, can be had from 59s. 6d. Not only do Samuel Brothers issue comprehensive catalogues and perforated lists, which make the task of selection an easy one, but they will also send all goods on approval. Mothers, who know the hard wear to which children subject their clothes, will appreciate the fact that school outfits are made entirely from the Samuel Brothers "Wear-Resisting" fabrics, which absolutely defy time and rough usage. A. E. L.



A TRIO OF HAPPY YOUNGSTERS WHOSE SCHOOL OUTFITS ARE SUPPLIED BY SAMUEL BROTHERS, OXFORD CIRCUS AND LUDGATE HILL.

term begins. All trouble of this kind can be obviated by enlisting the services of those experts in school

throughout, and, moreover, at the conclusion was running as well as ever.

Detailed information has just come to hand regarding the International Flying Boat Race, which was flown recently at Naples, and so brilliantly won for Great Britain by Mr. H. C. Biard on a Napier-Supermarine machine. The race took place in intense heat, which was a further handicap to the British entrant, who had not had time to become acclimatised. So hot was it that at one time, when near the water, Mr. Biard thought his machine must be on fire. The course was most trying. Thirteen times a triangular route had to be flown, and at the conclusion all the pilots were exhausted by the terrible heat and difficult conditions. Despite his distress, owing to the heat and to cramp, which he experienced soon after the start of the race, Mr. Biard, in order to make quite sure he had completed the course correctly, flew two additional laps, making fifteen in all, and it speaks well for the wonderful reliability and efficiency of the Napier engine that, notwithstanding the terrific heat and the arduous nature of the race, it was able to maintain its full power



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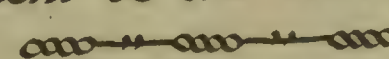
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Lights on Vehicles. I have been studying the Bill which was recently introduced in the House of Lords providing for the universal lighting of road-vehicles. In the main, there is very little to which exception can be taken, though it is rather more of an enabling Bill than most people who give full attention to the matter will possibly care about. That is to say, it appears to seek more to give powers to the Minister of Transport to make regulations than to achieve by legislation the objects which are aimed at. This, I think, is not quite the best way of dealing with a subject which, it must be admitted, is hedged about by all sorts of difficulties. Of course, it is comparatively simple to translate into an Act of Parliament the war-time regulations which provided for the general lighting of road-vehicles. It will be remembered that under those regulations it was compulsory for all vehicles, including cycles, to carry a light showing red to the rear. This salutary provision disappeared with the lapse of the Defence of the Realm Act, and there were no powers then left to either the Home Office or the Ministry of Transport to renew an enactment which had proved to be eminently sound in practice.

There are other questions relating to this matter of the lighting of vehicles which are equally simple. For example, at the present moment it is generally competent for County Councils to make their own regulations, particularly with regard to farm-vehicles in harvest time and other special cases where exemption from a particular provision may seem desirable. Unquestionably it is desirable that all these general provisions should be codified, and the thing of shreds and patches which now passes for the law of lighting should be specialised and controlled by a single department of State. So far as the Bill seeks to carry out this desirable codification, it is possible to approve it without qualifications.

Where I think it is open to criticism is that it seeks to evade essential points and, if I may put it that way, to postpone the evil day when the more pressing problem—or what a very large section of the public consider such—will have to be dealt with on its merits. What I have in mind more particularly is the subject of bearing head-lights. The Bill seeks to give power to the Minister to limit the length of the

light beam, and the basic figure of 150 feet which is mentioned in the text seems to me wrong. I think we may take it as the basis for argument that you



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THE BICYCLE IN MANY FORMS: AN INTERESTING GROUP AT THE HUMBER FIELD DAY HELD ON THE HUMBER SPORTS GROUND.

can have lights with a minimum of danger and no light with danger at the maximum. Now, nothing known to optical science can give us light without a

glare. Even a match struck on a dark night causes glare enough to blind the individual temporarily. It is obvious, therefore, that, in the face of physical facts, we have to determine whether we are going to cut down light on fast-moving vehicles to the danger point, or whether we are going to put up with the inconvenience which undoubtedly accrues from the use of light powerful enough to make driving safe both to the driver and to other road-users. It is perfectly clear that we cannot have it both ways.

Seeking the Impossible. During the time that Sir Eric Geddes was Minister of Transport a Committee was appointed to inquire into this question of glaring head-lights. It was composed mainly of Government officials who had little or no expert knowledge of road conditions. Two members of the Committee, however, were appointed because they *did* know, and these two gentlemen submitted that the problem they were set to solve was quite insoluble, for the reasons I have given in the preceding paragraph. As I understand it, the then Minister of Transport told them in so many words that a solution must be found. They, in conjunction with the other members of the Committee, certainly did their best, but the solution they propounded was, to put it plainly, no solution at all. It has been embodied in the Lights on Vehicles Bill, but really only as an enabling clause empowering the Minister to make his regulations on that basis. Of course, I may be quite wrong, but my personal opinion is that it would be far better to leave things as they are in this particular direction for the time being, and to allow those who are working on the question of glare to proceed with their task unhampered by legislative or other restrictions. Considerable progress is being made, and it does seem to me that it would be a pity, verging almost on a tragedy, if all this work should have to be stopped where it is, in order that it should be taken up simply from the standpoint of an attempt to bring science into line with arbitrary regulations. There is much more that could be said on this subject, were one disposed to be hypercritical, but I have no desire to be otherwise than as helpful as possible. I admit the subject to be bristling with difficulties. Indeed, I think it is, well-nigh beyond solution in the light of our present knowledge, and what I desire to see avoided is anything in the

[Continued overleaf.]



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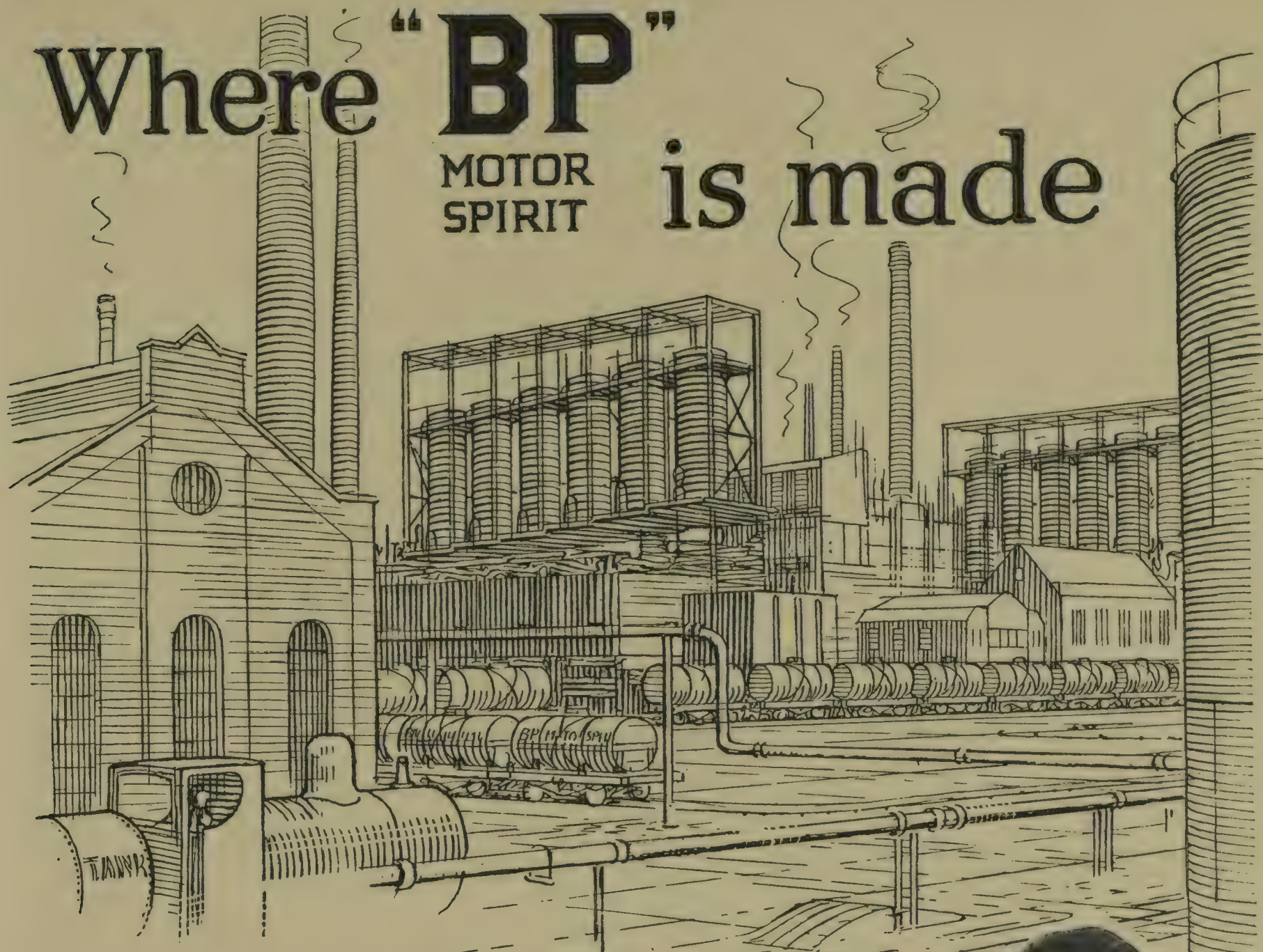
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(Continued) shape of panic legislation which may make the last case worse than the first. I do think that if the motoring organisations will give the close attention to this matter which it deserves, they may be able, with all the data and experience they have at their

filling until I conceive the grease is where it will do its work; but it is more like hard labour than I care about. If oil-less bearings really do give good service, my next car will have them. In the meantime, I should like to know.

Phenomenal Performance by Wolseley "Fifteen."

So much interest was aroused by the performance at Brooklands track of the standard Wolseley "Ten," when modified to suit racing conditions, that it was decided to make a similar trial on the Wolseley "Fifteen." A standard chassis was therefore taken and adapted to suit track conditions, the modifications necessary, however, being comparatively slight. It was, of course, fitted with racing streamline body. On Aug. 28 the car was run continuously on Brooklands track for a period of twelve hours, in which time it covered 1015 miles at an average speed of 84.64 miles per

hour. During this marvellous run it set up no fewer than forty fresh records in Class D from 100 to 1000 miles, from 100 to 1600 kilometres, and from 1 to 12 hours. The distance was sufficient to give it a thirteen hours' record also. Under the present regulations at Brooklands not more than twelve hours can be run in one stretch, but the car finished in perfect condition, and was sealed up with a view to further attempts on records on the following day, Aug. 29. On the 29th inst. the car ran for a further stretch of twelve hours, bringing its total mileage up to 1922 miles 1620 yards, thus averaging for the twenty-four hours a speed of 80.10 miles per hour. This constitutes the double twelve-hour record in Class D, and also the British double twelve-hour record irrespective of class. It will be remembered that the first double twelve-hour

record in this country was set up by the Wolseley "Ten" on May 2 and 3 last, and this new and astonishing performance gives still more incontestable proof of the robust construction and high efficiency of Wolseley standard productions.

"Faults and How to Find Them."

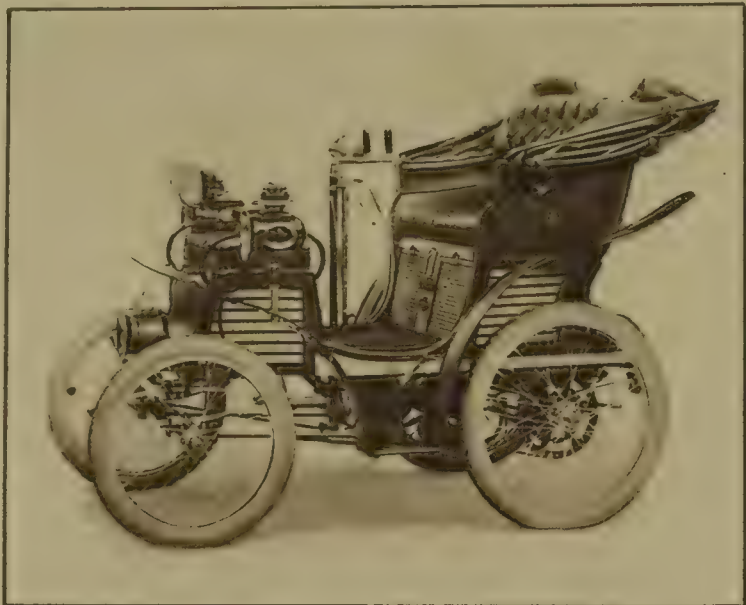
Notwithstanding the high standard of reliability to which they have been brought, all motor-cars are liable to faults, and it is often difficult for the inexperienced owner and driver to trace the source of a trouble. It is obvious that there is a reason for every fault, and in "Faults and How to Find Them," a new edition of which has just been published by Iliffe and Sons, Ltd., Dorset House, Tudor Street, London, E.C.4 (price, 3s. 6d. net; by post, 3s. 10d.), an ingenious system is set out whereby even those least acquainted with car troubles can locate the cause of failure. The system, which applies



A NEW DAIMLER MODEL: THE 21-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER LANDAULETTE.

disposal, to be of material assistance to the Ministry of Transport, the public, and the motorist.

Oil-less Bearings. I wish some of my readers who have experience of cars which are equipped with oil-less bearings to their spring shackles and other details would let me know how they have fared with them, and if they have found abnormal wear or not? This type of bearing is quite a new thing, and has been adopted since the war by several prominent manufacturers, who ought to know what they are doing. I have a perfectly open mind as to this departure, but confess I have no experience. All I do know is that I am, in vulgar parlance, "fed up" with filling and refilling the conventional screw-down greasers, of which I have rather more than twenty on my own car. These take me a whole evening to fill and to get greased well down to all the bearings involved, because I am not of the type which is content merely to fill my greasers once in a while, and to trust to luck for the lubrication of my shackle-bolts and brake-shafts. I believe in filling and re-



BUILT IN THE MIDDLE "NINETIES": THE FIRST FIAT CAR.

to all makes of cars, is really a process of elimination. Full instructions lead the reader easily from one probable source of trouble to another until the actual cause is found and the remedy explained. W. W.

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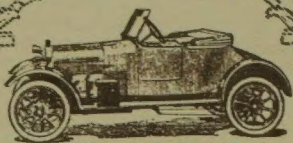
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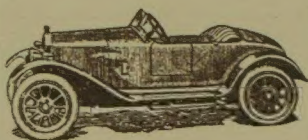
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Adderley Park, Birmingham.

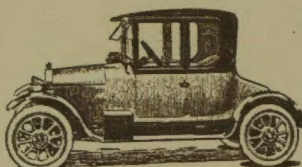
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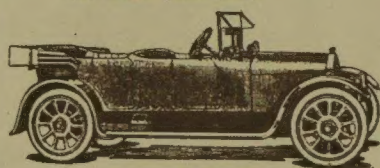
SEVEN TWO-SEATER



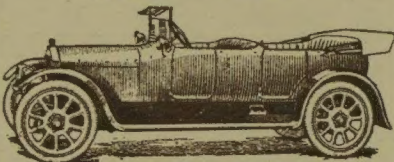
TEN SPORTING MODEL



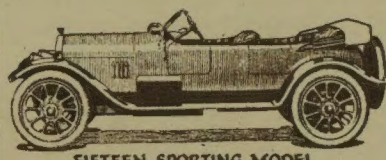
TEN COUPÉ (Fixed head)



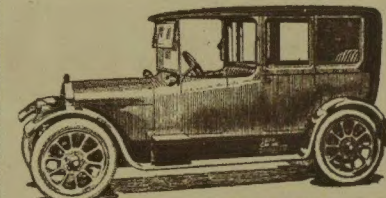
FIFTEEN FOUR-SEATER



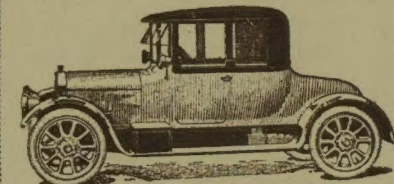
FIFTEEN SEVEN-SEATER



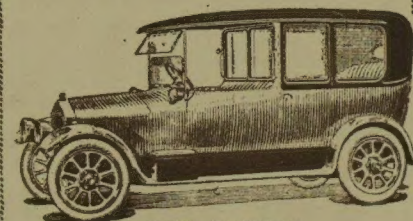
FIFTEEN SPORTING MODEL



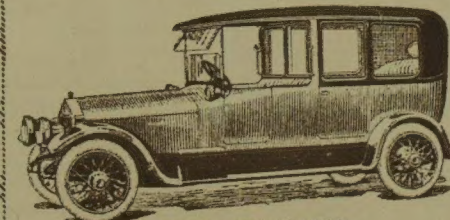
FIFTEEN SINGLE LANDAULETTE



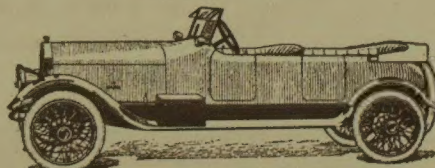
FIFTEEN TWO-SEATER COUPÉ



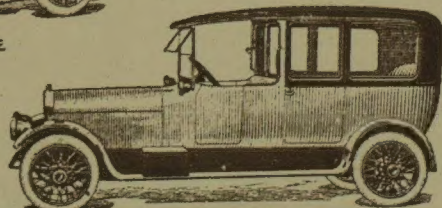
TOWN CARRIAGE



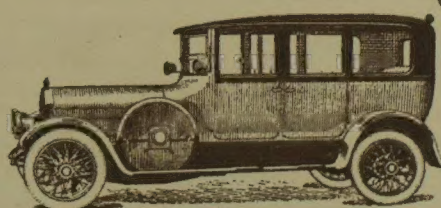
TWENTY LANDAULETTE



TWENTY SPORTING MODEL



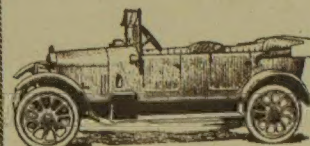
TWENTY LIMOUSINE



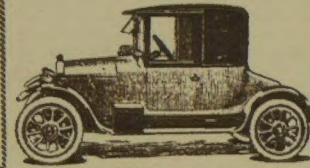
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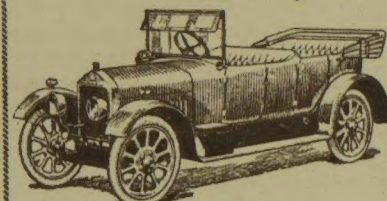
TEN TWO-SEATER



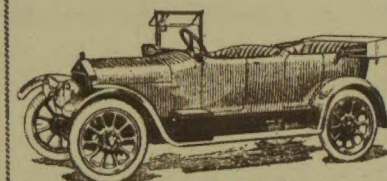
TEN LIGHT FOUR-SEATER



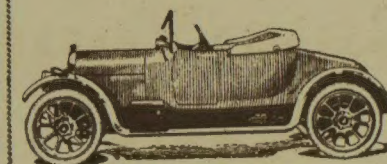
TEN COUPÉ (folding head)



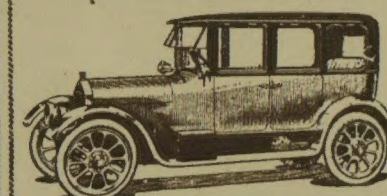
FOURTEEN TOURING CAR



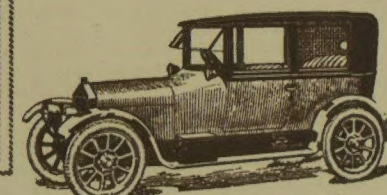
FIFTEEN FIVE-SEATER



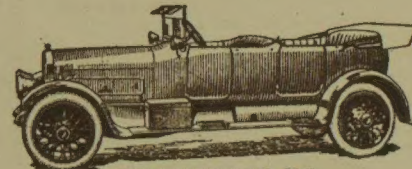
FIFTEEN TWO-SEATER



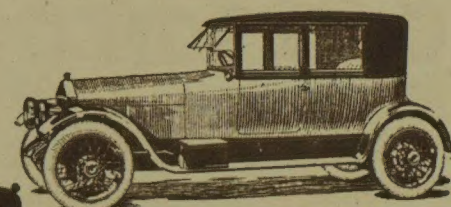
FIFTEEN SALOON



FIFTEEN FOUR-SEATER COUPÉ

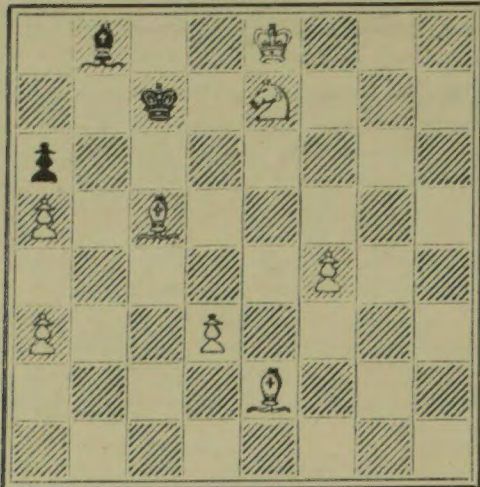


TWENTY TOURING CAR



TWENTY FOUR-SEATER COUPÉ

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 3890.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.
BLACK.WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

T. ROBERTS (Leicester).—In the position you submit Black cannot Castle. The fact that the White Rook is pinned does not prevent it commanding the square over which Black's King would have to move.

G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON (Cobham).—Many thanks for problem, which we hope to insert at an early date.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3885 and 3886 received from Casimer Dickson (Vancouver, B.C.); of No. 3887 from Frank H. Rollison (Evansville, U.S.A.), E. J. Gibbs (East Ham), and Senex; of No. 3888 from P. W. Hunt (Bridgewater), Senex, Eugene Burke (Finsbury), Major R. B. Pearce (Hoppisburgh), Colonel Godfrey, and J. C. Stackhouse (Torquay).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3889 received from H. W. Satow (Bangor), F. J. Downes (Manchester), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3888.—By G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.

WHITE

1. B to K 2nd
2. Kt to Kt 4th
3. R to Q 4th mate.

BLACK

K to B 5th

P moves

If Black play 1. P to K 6th; then 2. R to Q 4th, etc.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament of the London Chess Congress between Messrs. ALEKHINE and YATES.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

| WHITE (Mr. A.) | BLACK (Mr. Y.) | WHITE (Mr. A.) | BLACK (Mr. Y.) |
|------------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
| 1. P to Q 4th | Kt to K B 3rd | 5. B to Kt 5th | Castles |
| 2. P to Q 4th | P to K 3rd | 6. P to K 3rd | Q Kt to Q 2nd |
| 3. Kt to K B 3rd | P to Q 4th | 7. R to B sq | P to B 3rd |
| 4. Kt to B 3rd | B to K 2nd | 8. Q to B 2nd | R to K sq |

9. B to Q 3rd P takes P
10. B takes P Kt to Q 4th

So far all is book play, and the positions are fairly equal.

| | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| 11. Kt to K 4th | P to K B 4th |
| 12. B takes B | Q takes B |
| 13. Q Kt to Q 2nd | P to Q Kt 4th |
| 14. B takes Kt | B P takes B |

Now Black has compromised his game by the advance of his Pawn, which has considerably weakened his front.

| | |
|------------------|--------------|
| 15. Castles | P to Q R 4th |
| 16. Kt to Kt 3rd | P to R 5th |
| 17. Kt to B 5th | Kt takes Kt |
| 18. Q takes Kt | Q takes Q |
| 19. R takes Q | |

These exchanges are all to White's advantage, who now begins a remarkable imprisoning of Black's forces.

| | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 19. K R to B sq | P to Kt 5th |
| 20. K R to B sq | B to R 3rd |
| 21. Kt to K 5th | K R to Kt sq |
| 22. P to B 2nd | |

Opening the way for the introduction of his King as a fighting auxiliary.

| | |
|------------------|-------------|
| 22. P to Q R 3rd | P to Kt 6th |
| | P to R 3rd |

24. K to B 2nd K to R 2nd

If 24. — R to Q B sq; 25. R takes K (ch), R takes R; 26. R takes R (ch), B takes R; 27. Kt to Q 3rd seems to win. Black is now reduced to a condition of singular impotence.

| | |
|---------------------|----------------|
| 25. P to R 4th | R to K B sq |
| 26. K to Kt 3rd | K R to Q Kt sq |
| 27. R to B 7th | B to Kt 4th |
| 28. R (B sq) to B 5 | B to R 3rd |
| 29. R (B 5) to B 6 | R to K sq |
| 30. K to B 4th | |

The march of the White King to the front is an impressive testimony to the strength of the attack.

| | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| 30. P to R 5th | K to Kt sq |
| 31. P to Kt 3rd | B to B 8th |
| 32. P to Kt 3rd | B to R 2nd |
| 33. R to B 7th | K to R 2nd |
| 34. R (B 6) to B 7 | R to K Kt sq |
| 35. Kt to Q 7th | K to R sq |
| 36. Kt to B 6th | R (Kt sq) to |
| | K B sq |
| 37. R takes P | R takes K |
| 38. K to K 5th | Resigns. |

The Rook can be saved only at the cost of mate. It is extraordinary how White has contained a force equal to his own, and proceeded to victory at the same time.

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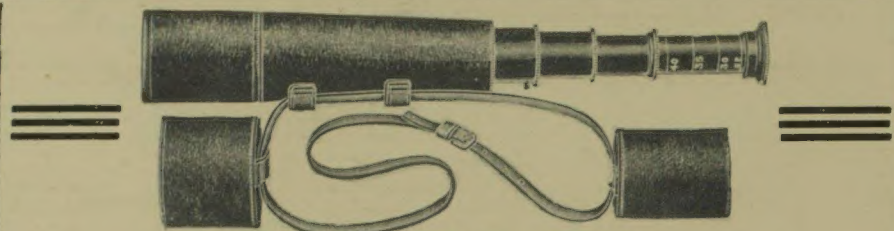
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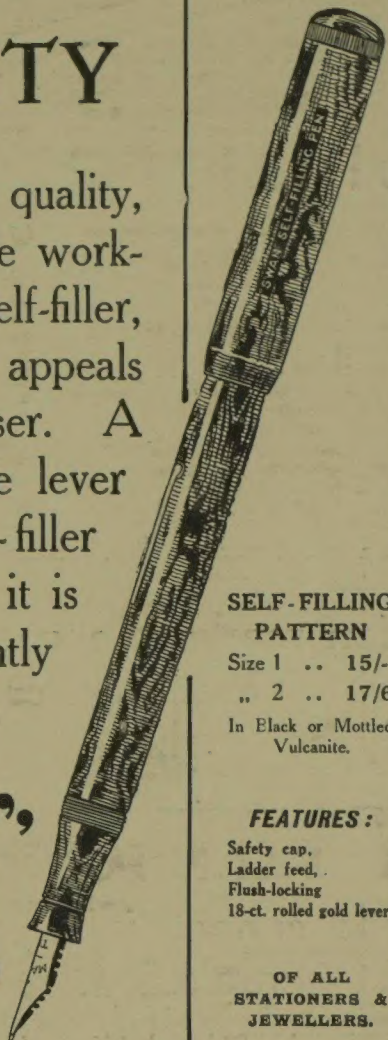
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